Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE. MECHANIC ARTS. LITERATURE. NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

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Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man

Facts about Hybridizing and Hybrids.

At a very early period of the world we are told that the Creator "made the beast of the earth after his kind, and every thing that creepeth upon the earth of his kind." Also, "every plant of the herb of the field before it was in the earth, and every herb of the field before it grew."

From this record, and from the results of every day's observation, it is certain that all the genera and species of organized life are permanently established by the hand that created it—that there are certain well fixed and permanent characteristics to each in the first start. The accidents (if they may be so called) of nature, and the ingenuity of mankind occasionally produce varieties among the species of different genera of animals and plants. Thus the mule is a hybrid produced by the union of the horse and the ass. Varieties of grapes are produced by mixing the pollen of different species of grapes—varieties of pears and apples by mixing the pollen of other species and varieties of apples and pears. These hybrids are useful, and oftentimes, for certain purposes and locations, better than the natural parents. Nevertheless, it is a fact that there is a constant tendency of nature to break away from the trammels in which she is thus bound, and to return to the original pattern from which the hybrids were obtained.

Cattle breeders often find that, in spite of their utmost care, there will occasionally crop out a fac simile of the original pattern. A very careful woolgrower in this county has a fine flock of merinos, which, more than forty years ago, were started by breeding the common coarse wooled sheep of the country with some pure Spanish merinos from Consul Jarvis' flock. Merino bucks being constantly used, the merino characteristics in the course of ten or fifteen years were thought to be, and indeed were pretty well fixed, yet every year there would be some lambs with coarse wool peeping out on the thighs like that on those of the common breed; on the other hand, there would be some that were fac similes of the first merinoes bought from Jarvis' flock. This is evidence of the effort of nature spoken of, to return to the first and original characteristics of the species from which the hybrids were manufactured, or "cry back," as some breeders call it. Horticulturists will tell you that if you should plant seeds of some of the best hybrid fruits—grapes for instance—among the varieties produced from this seed, are some which resemble the original grapes from which the hybrids were started.

In regard to fruits, &c., it is fortunate for us that there are modes of perpetuating and multiplying them other than by seeds. Grafting, budding, and cuttings, layering, &c, are the modes of continuing such valuable varieties as have been obtained by hybridization.

We recently met with a striking instance of this "crying back" of hybrids to their original elements, or starting points. Twenty years ago a friend of our neighbor I. N. Metcalf of Winthrop, furnished him with some small, early eight rowed corn, which he obtained from one of the British Provinces. He set about hybridizing it by planting with the twelve rowed Dutton, and another large variety of eight rowed corn, selecting every year for the next year's seed, the largest and earliest eight rowed. Finally he succeeded in getting, as he supposed, an early, large eight rowed variety, giving him every year a uniform crop of eight rowed early corn.

Last year he took special pains to prepare and manure his corn patch, and among other things used a barrel of Coe's Superphosphate of Lime. He had an excellent crop, but lo! on husking it, he found that nature had "cried back" pretty extensively, and he had a mixture of regular twelve rowed Dutton, small eight rowed Province or Canada, and the larger eight rowed originally used. We have examined the specimens and find it a very fair mixture of the three kinds he commenced with, twenty years ago, and which he had supposed had been completely and forever merged in the new hybrid he had made.

Flowers for the Parlor and Garden.

House and Garden Plants: By Edward S. Rand. Finely illustrated; on tinted paper. pp. 412. Boston: J. E. Tilton & Co., publishers. Price $2.50.

We are in receipt of a copy of this splendid work, for which the publisher will please accept our thanks. The name of the author, who has had much experience in matters pertaining to Floriculture, is a guarantee that its contents are valuable and practical, and the work being issued from the Riverside press is proof that its typographical appearance is equal to anything published in this country.

The love of flowers is universal; they are to be found alike in the homes of the rich and the poor, from the simple rose or pot of fuschias, to the costly greenhouse, and conservatory. Still, with all this natural love and general distribution, there is but little knowledge of their culture. A plant is a living thing; it breathes, drinks, possesses a nature which is sensitive to change of temperature, and has its wants, which neglected, subject it to disease and death. Of these things, among others, this works treats. While it is particularly adapted to the wants of those who have time and means to gratify their taste in Floriculture, it also contains much that is valuable to the owner of a single stand of kitchen plants. The chapter on "Window Gardening" is alone worth the price of the book. When the flower season approaches we shall have occasion to refer to, and use many of the valuable suggestions contained within its pages.

Rural Annual, and Horticultural Directory for 1864. Rochester N. Y.: Joseph Harris publisher.

This is No. 9 of this series of agricultural handbooks, and is well filled with interesting matter for farmers and fruit-growers. Some of the leading articles in this number treat of Connection between Leaves and Roots; Swamp Muck; On the Culture of the Hop; Picking and Marketing Fruit; Culture of Flax; Effect of Cultivation on Plants, etc.

Report of the Agricultural Department.

Among the annual reports to Congress is that of the Agricultural Department. According to this report, the agricultural interests of the loyal States have not materially suffered in consequence of the war.

The large amount of productive labor which has been absorbed to carry on the war has been partially compensated by immigration and by the introduction of labor-saving machinery.

The value of the Department is set forth at length, and an increased appropriation recommended for the ensuing year. More territory has been cultivated, and a larger yield received than in any previous year. The great staples for 1863 compare with 1862 very favorably—wheat, oats, tobacco and wool showing a considerable increase, and a slight falling off being seen in corn and hay.

The Department has sought information from all sources; among others, by correspondence with Agricultural Societies and Farmers' Clubs, the more general formation of which is recommended. About two thousand circulars of questions have been sent to correspondents monthly, the replies to which, together with Smithsonian reports on the weather, &c., have been published monthly, and distributed all over the country. In all, about 20,000 circulars have been issued, and 70,000 monthly reports published. It is suggested that a system of observations on the weather, to be daily reported by telegraph, be put in operation. Also, that the postal laws be so amended as to allow free communication between citizens and the Department on agricultural matters.

Seeds have been wanted in large quantities. Several hundred bushels of choice wheat and other cereal grains, and several thousands of dollars worth of seeds most valuable for field and garden culture, including flower seeds, were imported from Europe. These and domestic varieties were freely distributed; 1500 bushels of cotton seed were also sent to Western farmers, and tobacco seed in great quantities. The whole number of packages thus distributed was about 1,200,000. Of these, 300,000 were given to members of Congress; 300,000 to agricultural societies; the rest to direct applicants. About 40,000 were quart packages of wheat, &c.; 950,000 garden and flower seeds; 120,000 tobacco, and the remainder cotton, flax, &c. It is considered desirable that the distribution be continued.

The propagating and experimental garden, heretofore neglected, is now in charge of a competent person, and has distributed during the year about 25,000 articles—vines, bulbs, &c.—half to members of Congress, the rest to agricultural societies, &c.

Correspondence has been carried on concerning vines and vineyards, and valuable facts collected. Something has been done toward establishing specimen orchards of the best fruits to illustrate the best modes of culture, &c. A botanical collection and museum is also desired. Facilities should be supplied for comparing farming tools and methods of cultivation, such as thick and thin seeding, and when each should be adopted, the effect of draining and its best modes, &c. Additional appropriations are asked for glass conservatories and propagating houses. Land enough is wanted to test the various grains, grasses and seeds—the practicability of growing different medicinal and textile plants, &c.

Attention has been given to entomology and an entomologist employed, and his collection placed on exhibition in the Department, also his collection of fac similes of all the fruits of the country, and a complete herbarium.

We give this general outline of the report and shall probably have occasion to refer to some of its recommendations, &c., hereafter.

Sheep Items.

The sheep market seems to be quite lively just now in our State. We clip the following items from our exchanges:

Reuben Kidder of Skowhegan, has sold within the last month, ten full blood Merino bucks of the Atwood variety. One of the finest was purchased by D. Moore, Esq., of Anson. Mr. Kidder has a large flock of full blood Spanish, Woodstock and grade Merinos.

Mr. Samuel Cleveland has bought the "Dana Buck" of Maj. Jos. Smith and brother of Anson. "The Dana" is considered an excellent buck.

Mr. J. H. Philbrick of Skowhegan, sold, the past week, a yearling buck of the "Atwood blood" to Messrs. Smith of Anson. The Messrs. Smith have the best flock of Spanish ewes in the State, and are very particular as to the buck they use. Mr. Geo. F. Moore of Anson, has a good flock of ewes—he too goes in for the best blood, as we see he has secured Mr. Philbrick's buck "Billy," which took the first premium at the Somerset Agricultural Show in the place. Mr. Philbrick has a small flock, but of the best blood. He has lately brought some full blood ewes from Vermont. Mr. Philbrick informs us that he shall go to Vermont another season for bucks which he will distribute to the wool growers through the country.

Mr. J. M. Bass, of Farmington, recently purchased in Vermont, three Spanish Merino sheep, for which he paid the sum of $750.

S. E. Turner of No. Cutler, Washington county, purchased of Gen. Cushman of Bangor, last week, a pair of his beautiful South Down lambs (buck and ewe) at $30.

A. C. Chandler, of New Gloucester, Cumberland County, at the same time purchased a yearling half-blood buck at $20, the get of his celebrated No. 16, bred by J. C. Taylor, Holmdell, N. J., dam, imported; sire, Webb's World's Prize, imported by Taylor. It is said that this yearling is quite superior to a buck of the same age, recently purchased at Thorn's sale, New York, for a full blood South Down, by Mr. Nourse, and sent to Orrington, at a cost of nearly $60.

A Seedless Apple.

We clip the following from a "down East" contemporary:

"A seedless apple is the latest curiosity. A tree bearing such has been found in Maine; there are no blossoms, the bud forms, and without any show of petals, fruit sets and grows destitute of seeds."

No doubt of it, neighbor. We are prepared to believe most anything now-a-days. At any rate if the thing can be "did" Maine is the place capable of doing it. We call upon our readers who have such an article in the pomological line to send us a specimen with particulars in regard to its growth, &c.

Cheese Making.

At the meeting of the Massachusetts Board of Agriculture held at Springfield lately, S. L. Goodale, our Secretary, read a valuable paper on cheese-making, the following brief notes of which we take from an exchange:

"He said that a milch cow furnished the best and cheapest method of getting human food. The feed necessary to make a pound of meat will make at least 25 pounds of milk. Eight and a half pounds of milk on an average make a pound of cheese. In Herkimer county, N. Y., the cows average 600 pounds of cheese per annum. A cow that will make less than her dressed weight of cheese in Scotland is sent to the butcher. England is our great cheese market, for the English eat more cheese than we; 200,000 cows are kept in the single county of Cheshire. Herkimer county, N. Y., first taught the English to use American cheese, and now we ship there more than 40,000,000 pounds a year. Cheese factories are modern but labor-saving inventions. They require the milk of at least 500 cows to make them profitable, and a force of five or six persons to do the work. There are more than thirty such factories in Oneida county, N. Y., and the cheese commands a higher price than that made in families. Carrying milk from one to five miles in a wagon improves it for cheese as much as it hurts it for butter. There is little difference in the labor for a pound of cheese or a pound of butter, and the milk necessary for a pound of the latter will make two and a half pounds of the former. Hay cheese is less valuable than that made from grass."

The Grindstone.

A good grindstone is one of the necessary implements of every well furnished farm. We say a *good* one; not one of those substitutes for a stone which too often fills the place which should contain a better article—but a first rate stone—all mounted and ready for use, of which there are a plenty to be had, and in using which, the labor of keeping tools sharp becomes almost a pleasure. Don't grudge a dollar or two more when purchasing one, but obtain one of a large size and mounted on cast iron anti-friction rollers. A large and good one will run easier, and cut faster, and as it is to be an implement which will last for nearly a life time, it is an object to make it second to none. Don't keep a water box underneath it, for the side of the stone which is immersed in the water when it is left after using, will become softened so that it will wear away faster than the rest of the stone, and consequently it will not be perfectly round. Keep your axes, chisels, various kinds of knives, &c., all sharp and in order for use at a moment's notice, and much vexation may often be prevented when you are in a hurry to do some job in which they are used.

Big Porkers.

We give herewith our first instalment of the "pig record." Our readers who have done anything larger in the pork-raising line, than is recorded below will please notify us.

S. H. Townsend of Gardiner, killed a pig weighing 338 pounds; age not given,—a very necessary particular.

Josiah Hall of No. Carmel, butchered a pig seven months and three days old, which weighed 351¼ pounds.

John Shaw of Machias, killed a hog weighing 737 pounds; age not given; and Jos. Stratton of same place killed one a year and a half old which weighed 752 pounds.

S. W. Hapgood of Anson, killed a hog eighteen months old which weighed 578 pounds. Mr. L. Williams of the same town butchered a pig nine months old, weighing 337½ pounds, and one seven months old which weighed 338 pounds.

Mr. Russell Eaton of this city, killed a pig on Thursday last, eight months old, which weighed 370 pounds.

☞ We will endeavor to answer our correspondent's query in regard to onion culture, in time to be of use by next planting time.

Profits of Sheep Husbandry.

Messrs. Editors:—I noticed in the *Farmer* some pretty large sheep stories, and as I never allow myself to be backward in a good cause, I thought I would give you the account of my experience in sheep raising. In the spring of 1858 I purchased one sheep, and paid five dollars. I have kept a strict account of all the sales made of lambs and wool, and I find the amount to be $193.70. I have at this time, fourteen ewes, all from one to five years old, except the old mother, and I can sell them for from five to ten dollars apiece, but I call them worth five dollars each —$70. I have seven lambs, four of them one-half blood Cotswold, $24; two one-half blood Leicesters, that weigh one hundred pounds each, which I got by exchanging two small lambs of the native blood; these I call $12. One year ago last October, I called on Judge Cushman of Bangor, for the purpose of looking at his bucks, and came to the conclusion that I would pay him his price for the service of his Cotswold buck, "Rejected" which was one dollar per lamb; but unfortunately, one of my neighbor's bucks had got in with my sheep, and I was at a loss to know how we were going to decide which were the lambs by service of "Rejected," but the Judge assured me that I could decide at any time after the lambs came, and that was a fact, for the lambs were much handsomer, larger limbs, and were very docile, and learned to eat oats with less trouble than the native breed.

I have one sheep that has paid me sixteen dollars and sixty cents in lambs and wool this year, and if there has any one done better I should like to hear from them.

I have had a buck with my sheep this year that I purchased in Aroostook county last winter. He was represented to me as having a mixture of Cotswold and English blood; at any rate he was a fine looking buck, good form in every respect, and wool of the finest quality. I recently sold him to W. S. Cobb of West Hampden. I think it would be very much for the interest of the farmers of Maine to make frequent exchanges from one section of the State to the other. I have two ewes that came from the Islands, for which I exchanged two wether lambs. I have one that I got two years ago. She dropped a lamb a year ago last April, and that is the finest looking sheep I have in my flock. She resembles the Cotswold in form, but has longer legs. I have just made an exchange of another sheep for one which came from Burnt Cove Island. She is a very large sheep—the butcher I had her of said she would shear ten pounds of wool next year, but I doubt his statement some.

The following are the results of my operations:

The amount of lambs and wool sold		$193 70
Fourteen ewes at $5 each,		70 00
Four half blood Cotswolds, $6 each,		24 00
Two half blood Leicesters, $6 each,		12 00
One Liecester lamb, valued at		5 00
		$304 70
Paid for service of "Rejected," and "boot" between sheep,	9 75	
Cost of wintering for the five years,	106 00	
Pasturing for the five years,	50 00	
		$165 75
Net profit,		$138 95

Brewer, Dec. 9, 1863. H. K. Robinson.

Agricultural Miscellany.

Farm Work for December.

The labors of the season having been devoted to the raising of crops the period of consumption has now arrived. As it is important, on the score of economy, to raise heavy crops, so it is equally important now to study the most economical modes of feeding. The first point of economy is to prevent loss by good and comfortable shelter. Exposure to freezing winds not only injures the growth and thrift of animals, but requires a greater amount of food to maintain animal heat. Sometimes the loss of animals, by death alone, toward spring, is greater than the cost of ample shelter. The second is to feed regularly, that no loss of flesh may be occasioned by impatient fretting. The third is to give the food in the best condition. Hay and stalks should be bright, and not musty. Cornstalks will go much farther if cut before feeding; but they should be cut very short, or less than a quarter of an inch in length, so as to be fine like chaff. Grain should be ground wherever practicable, for animals of whatever kind.

Straw should be carefully saved, even when raised in large quantities, as it has so many uses. It may be employed largely in feeding animals, if a little grain or meal is fed to them, regularly, at the same time. It may be largely used as litter, and converted into manure. It forms an excellent covering for large heaps of roots in winter, whether in root cellars or more exposed. It may be employed as a cover for temporary sheds for protecting cattle and sheep. In most cases the best way to manage straw is to thrash the grain as the straw is needed.

Ventilation. This is important for all animals—horses, cattle or swine. Foul air drawn into the lungs, cannot fail to injure its delicate coatings, and destroy, more or less, the health of the animal. Keep them well littered at all times, and let them breathe a pure air, and a different report will be made. But another opposite evil must be also avoided. Cold currents of air, sweeping through cracks, are sometimes nearly as bad as open exposure, and for this reason some farmers have concluded that exposure is best, after all.

Sheep. Large flocks should be separated into portions of about fifty each, in separate pens in the shed, placing the stronger in one pen, the weakest in another, each portion being as nearly equal in strength and vigor as posible. Sheep always do best if fed some grain through the winter, commencing with a very small quantity at first, and gradually increasing as the winter advances. Caution in beginning to feed lambs in small quantities is particularly important. An average of a pint of corn a day is sufficient for full-grown sheep—half that for lambs. A good time is to feed them grain at noon, and fodder night and morning.

Colts and Young Horses do well on straw, with a little grain. An excellent way is to cut oats in the sheaf an inch or two long, and feed the whole, grain and straw together.

Good Water should be provided at all times for all domestic animals, and should be supplied to them frequently and regularly, at their pleasure. Depriving them of drink for a long time, and then allowing them to drink too much, is detrimental to the best thrift.

Feeding Racks to prevent the waste of fodder, should be provided for all animals. Stock should be regularly salted; if they have a constant supply, they will eat but a little at a time.

Running out of Fodder. Some farmers seem scarcely to know how they will be likely to come out in spring with a supply of fodder for their animals, and know of no better way than guessing. They should be more accurate, and determine by calculation early in winter what their supplies may be. If they have not kept a record of the number of tons of hay, it may be determined with considerable accuracy by allowing five hundred cubic feet per ton of good, compactly pressed timothy, in the lower part of the stack or mow, and six to seven hundred in the upper part, or of clover. Then, allowing two and a half or three pounds daily to each hundred weight of animal, an accurate result may be nearly reached, varying in localities where the winter is long or short.

General Suggestions. Be careful to keep cattle and other animals from meadows and pastures when the ground is soft, that they may not spoil the turf. Pick over apples in the cellar, and remove the decayed ones. Provide good dry fuel for the kitchen. Balance accounts for the season, and observe what operations in farming have been most profitable. Get up club meetings for evening discussions of agricultural subjects. Study the success and failures of other farmers, by taking a good agricultural paper.—*Annual Register.*

Curing a Kicking Cow.

Among the early purchases, and among the animals that promised well, was a dun cow, which it was found necessary, after a few weeks of full feeding, to cumber with a complicated piece of neck furniture, to forbid her filching surreptitiously what properly belonged to the pail. Self-milkers are not profitable. I have faith in the doctrine of rotation, and the quick reconversion of farm products into the elements of new growth. But here was a case of reconversion so rapid, as to be fatal to all the laws of economy. It suggested nothing so strongly, as that rapid issue of government money, which finds immediate absorption among the Governmental officials. Does the Government really milk itself? and can no preventive be found in the way of neck machinery, or other?

Another animal was admirable in every point of view; I found her upon one of the North River wharves, and the perfect outline of her form and high-bred action, induced a purchase, even at a long figure; but the beast proved an inveterate kicker.

The books reccommended gentleness for the cure of this propensity; so does humanity; I concurred with both, in suggesting that treatment to Patrick.

"Gintle is it? And bedad, Sir, she's too ould for a cure. I'm thinking we must tie her legs, Sir; but if ye orders it, bedad, i's meself can be gintle.

"Soh, Mooly—soh—(and a kick;) soh, ye baste, (a little livelier,) soh (and a kick)—soh, blast ye!—*soh*, Mooly—soh—Katy—SOH—(and a crash;) och, you ould baste ye,—take that!" and there is a thud of the milking stool in the ribs."

The "gintleness" of Patrick is unavailing. But the cow is an excellent animal, and not to be hastily discarded. Milker after milker undertook the conquest, but with no better success. The task became the measure of a man's long-suffering disposition; some gave over and lost their tempers before the first trial was finished; others conjured down the spirit by all sorts of endearing epithets and tenderness, until the conquest seemed almost made, when suddenly pail, stool and man would lapse together, and a stream of curses carry away all record of the kindness. We came back at last to Patrick's original suggestion; the legs must be tied. A short bit of thick rope passed around one foot and loosely knotted, then passed around the second and tied tightly in double knot, rendered her powerless. There was a slight struggle, but it was soon at an end; and she made no opposition to the removal of the thong, after the milking was over. With this simple provision, the trouble was all done away; and for a whole year matters went well. But after this, there came a reformer into control of the dairy. The rope was barbarous; he didn't believe in such things; he had seen kicking cows before. A little firmness and gentleness would accomplish the object better; God did't make cows' legs to be tied. The position was a humane one, if not logical. And the thong was discarded.

"Well, Patrick," said I, two days after, "how fares the cow?"

"And begorra, it's the same ould baste, Sir."

A few days later I inquired again after the new regimen of gentleness and firmness."

"Begorra," said Patrick, "she's kicked him again."

A week passed; and I repeated the inquiries.

"Begorra, she's kicked him *again!*" screamed Patrick; "and it's a divil's own bating he's been giving the ould baste."

Sure enough, the poor cow was injured sadly; her milking days were over; and in a month she went to the butcher. And this advocate of gentleness and firmness was one of the warmest and most impassioned philanthropists I ever met with.

The moral of the story is—if a cow is an inveterate kicker, tie her legs with a gentle hand, or kill her. Beating will never cure, whether it come in successive thuds, or in an explosive outbreak of outrageous violence. I suspect the same ruling is applicable to a great many disorderly members of society.—*Ik. Marvell.*

Cold Weather and Nothing to Do.

Some times we hear persons who follow farming for a living (I cannot call them farmers) say that they have nothing to do in winter but fodder their cattle and feed their horses, but much more frequently we see them practice it; and this is one reason why farming don't pay, though not the only. "Nothing to do!" I have seen farms where this is the rule, and I hope there are not many like them, or rather like the farmers on them. No preparation for another year, as if this was the last one we had to live. No caring for the stock, as if they were to be of no value when winter was over.

This will not pay; I do not wonder that some farmers have a hard time in making all things meet, to say nothing of saving anything. Winter is just the time when a farmer should be busy. In summer he has to be and in winter he ought to be always at work. If he has a tool-house he will find work for much of his time in repairing or renewing rakes, forks, hoes and sundry farm tools, or fixing his plows or harrows, repairing harness, and setting all to rights generally, so that he will be ready to start work as soon as the weather is ready for him. Again, winter is the time to make and save manure. Keep the cattle well littered and well fed, and take good care of them, and do not turn them out to shift for themselves by the fodder stack, or even throw fodder about the field for them to stand in the cold wind or storm to eat. Cattle fed in this style do not show much on the profit side of the account Give the barnyard a plentiful coat of straw whenever needed, and feed in good racks under cover, and I know it will pay. Do not think all the grain fed on the farm is lost because you do not realize money for it by selling it. Next year's crop will pay for it if the animals that eat it do not. Let a farmer attend to all these things and he will have no time to waste at the village store or tavern, nor will his hours at home hang heavy on his hands. Keep all things neat about the barn and stable, and above all things let them be clean. I have known some farmers not to clean out their stable entries during the whole winter, but throw down hay, use what they need and let the rest lay for the chickens to scratch over and soil, and at next feed time throw more down and scrape up altogether and feed to their horses or cows. This is slovenly and wasteful. Animals, unless half starved, will not eat hay which poultry have been much among, without wasting a great deal; and a much less quantity of good clean hay, fresh from the mow will be more acceptable to them.

A farmer's character shows in his barn and yard. A sloven in practice, there is generally a sloven everywhere else. Carelessness there shadows forth the same in house and on the land, and that man will not get rich, or even live in comfort. He will be a grumbler and continually telling you "farming don't pay."

But farming will pay, and does pay, but the only way to make it pay is to mind the little things, that, taken all together, keep adding to the farm as well as the purse. Let there be no idle time, therefore, winter or summer, in sunshine or storm, for the old proverb, that

"Satan finds work for idle hands to do,"

will apply to farmers as well as other people.

It is a saving of money to have a tool-house and a few good, useful tools in it. A farmer can make so many little things he is constantly in need of, instead of having to get them made, and taking the time when it cannot well be spared. Rakes, fork handles, swingletrees, &c., often break, but tools at home will keep a full supply on hand ready for accident. I know farmers that do all these things; and what one man does another may do.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Winter Care of Stock.

No man can afford to let his cattle shrink during the winter—though nine out of ten manage precisely in a way best calculated to bring about that very result. The mere keeping the breath of of life in them, by dealing out poor or scanty rations, is one of the most miserable pieces of economy a herdsman can practice. The man who tries to see how little he can keep his cattle on, is "saving at the spile and wasting at the spiggot." Though in the spring he might console himself with the reflection that it had cost him but little, comparatively, to get his cattle through, yet their emaciated forms and skeleton appearance could not add much to his pence of mind, nor their depreciation in actual value to the contents of his pocket, either present or prospective. To be sure, such management must be adopted as will insure the consumption of the coarser kinds of fodder early in the season, but in our zeal to get rid of this we commit a fatal error.

The effect of the change from grass to hay is great upon the system—especially if put immediately and wholly upon *poor* hay. And if we wish to keep our animals in a growing and thriving condition, there should be no check at this period. Let it be understood that every pound shrink is so much *lost*. It is lost outright to everybody and everything, and may be put down among those misfortunes classed as "*dead* losses." If we view this matter aright, it is not improbable that the losses within this State from mismanagement of stock, is scarcely less than its taxes.

What we wish especially to impress in this connection upon the reader is the importance of a *variety* in feed. That is to say, cattle should not be put upon one kind of fodder, exclusively—especially upon poor fodder. Let the hay and the straw and the corn fodder be alternated, and each will be consumed with a better relish. Above all, let every animal have at least one foddering a day of as good hay as the barn affords, and then.—

1st. Feed regularly and with sufficient quantity.

2d The daily allowance should be made up of as large a variety as the barn affords.

3. Easy and frequent access should be had to pure water.

4th. Every possible means should be adopted to administer to their comfort, in protecting our animals from the inclemencies of the weather—which shall include a constant and liberal supply of bedding of some sort, if nothing but sand.—*N. H. Journal of Agriculture.*

Plain Mince Pies.

I would like to say that I hope no one will be tempted to make a batch of "nice mince pies" after the generally received idea among housekeepers. Plenty of spices, brandy, meat, fruits, sugar, vinegar, concocted and baked, with a rich, greasy crust, will make a rich pie, which will not digest, and which, if spread on the flesh, will draw a blister in a few hours. A plain pie can be made of good beef, good apples, cider and molasses, with little or no spices, and a plain crust,—only people now-a-days study perpetually how to ruin the digestive organs. The question is not, what is wholesomé, good and necessary, but what will most please the perverted appetite?

Teaching Horses not to Kick.

Kicking Horses are among the greatest nuisances with which the community is beset; and who that is at all accustomed to the use of horses will not admit that there are *a dozen* kicking *mares* to one kicking *horse*? This established, and let us consider why it is so. It is supposed that about one-half of all the colts foaled are mares, and while young they are very much like horse colts and perhaps would continue so if they were treated alike; but out of every hundred horse colts that live to be four years old, ninety-four or ninety-five of them are altered, and generally before they are broke to harness. In order to perform this operation the colt has to be well secured with the proper instruments which I will term "Hopple and Belt," used to throw and hold him down. This part of the process is what I want to call attention to as the important part towards breaking up this kicking business in *mares* as well as in horses. Let every colt be well halter-broke and somewhat used to the "bit," before they are three years old. But before you ever attempt to gear up a colt and put any body harness on, and particularly a *mare* colt, let her be taken by some careful and judicious hands into the barn-yard or other soft place, and having procured a good "hopple and belt," there adjust them, and throw her and secure her, being careful not to hurt her unnecessarily, and while down handle her feet and legs, turn her over and back; after seven to fifteen minutes, when about to release her, do it thoroughly and completely before you let her attempt to rise to her feet remove everything as much as possible except the halter, so that when she rises she will get up *clear*. Do not let her flounce and kick, and get up half hoppled and half loose, or the work may soon have to be done over again and again, or have a kicking mare. But if all goes on right, as soon as she is up, have a set of good, strong harness carefully laid on her (never *throw* harness on a horse: heavy, sharp harness are liable to bruise the withers,) bring the different parts to a proper bearing, let the traces or other chains or ropes be well secured, so that she cannot become entangled with them, and let them dangle about her legs and elsewhere, until she is thoroughly accustomed to them—but be very careful and not let her get away in this condition, lest she run, and do mischief. A strap buckled around the body, just in front of the hips, might have a good effect, as some horses are so ticklish when anything touches them about the flank.

If the above plan is pursued, we may conclude that the colt is about half broke; but the majority of dispositions will be better if the process is repeated during the next forty days; then immediately after being released from the "hopple and belt," gear up the colt to a cart, or aside of a well broke horse to a farm wagon, and drive off at a gait not faster than a walk, and with care and practice you may have good walkers; but do not put them into a trot until they have acquired a good walk. Never hitch up a colt to a sulkey, or sleigh, or light vehicle at first, that they can run away with, driver and all. Never gear up to a harrow the first thing—it is dangerous in case of getting tangled up. Horses sometimes get into difficulty, even after they are "broke," and go into kicking, their natural means of self-defence. In such cases the "hopple and belt" may be resorted to with advantage. It is a most sure way of subduing colts.

Horses that are bad about standing to be shod might also be treated to this "hopple and belt," but do not use it on the horse when it is the shoer that needs it; and it is often very apparent that this is the case. One good "hopple and belt" might answer for fifty ordinary farmers.—*Telegraph.*

Tanning Skins with the Wool or Hair on.

First wash the skin in strong soap-suds, to remove the grease and dirt from the wool, then rinse in clean cold water. The skin should now be tacked upon a board (with the flesh side out) and stretched, its edges trimmed, and the whole fleshy part scraped off with a blunt knife. It is now rubbed over hard with as much chalk as it will absorb, or until the chalk falls down in powder. Now take the skin down, fill it with finely ground alum, wrap it closely together, and keep it in a dry place for two or three days; at the end of that time unfold it, shake out the alum, and it will be ready for use, after being again stretched and dried in the air. This method is for white sheepskins for door-mats. Another mode of treating them consists in applying a strong solution of alum, moderately warm, with a sponge, to the flesh side of the skin, when it is stretched, then allowing it to dry before the chalk is rubbed in. It must always be dried in the open air, or it will turn very hard. Another mode of tanning skins with the hair on, after they are stretched on the frame and scraped, is to apply a warm decoction of sumac in a gallon of water for about five minutes. The sumac liquor is applied with a sponge to the whole fleshy surface, then the skin is dried in the open air. Three applications of the sumac are given, and when the skin is dried it is laid on a smooth board or table, and rubbed down with pumice stone. Both alum and sumac combine with the gelatine of the skin, and form leather.

Forbidden Fruit.

M. Noel, a French agriculturist, speaking of the introduction of the potato into France, says: This vegetable was viewed by the people with extreme disfavor when first introduced, and many expedients were adopted to induce them to use it, but without success. In vain did Louis XVI. wear its flower in his buttonhole, and in vain were samples of the tubers distributed among the farmers; they gave them to their pigs, but would not use them themselves. At last Parmentier, the chemist, who well knew the nutritive properties of the potato, and was most anxious to see it in general use, hit upon the following ingenious plan. He planted a good breadth of potatoes at Sablons, close to Paris, and paid great attention to their cultivation. When the roots were nearly ripe, he put notices around the field that all persons who stole away any of the potatoes would be prosecuted with the utmost rigor of the law. No sooner were the new roots thus forbidden, as it were, by authority, than all persons seemed eager to eat them, and in a fortnight the whole crop was stolen, and without a doubt, eaten. The new vegetable having been found to be excellent food was soon after cultivated in every part of the kingdom."

Salting and Packing Pork

A correspondent of the American Agriculturist gives the following directions on this subject:

"I will tell you my mode after an experience of forty years. I allow the hogs to cool after killing; take out the bones [ribs and spine;] cut off the hams and shoulders; then cut the side pork into strips of convenient width; put in a quantity of salt in the bottom of the cask; then put in a course of meat, laying the pieces on the edges; then a covering of salt; then another course of meat, and so on until the cask is full. The whole is carefully kept covered with brine as strong as salt and boiling water will make, skimming the boiling brine so long as anything rises. The brine is put on cold, and I am careful to know that there is always undissolved salt in the barrel. It is not found necessary to scald the brine in spring. I sometimes use saltpetre and sometimes not. Hams and shoulders are salted in separate casks."

Pickle for Beef.

For one hundred pounds of beef take three quarts of salt, half a pound of brown sugar, and two ounces of ground black pepper; mix in water enough to cover the meat; let it boil; take off the scum; when cool, pour it over the meat. Salted beef should be all used up by the first of May, as it does not keep well in warm weather.

Catechism

Of Agricultural Chemistry and Geology.

[CONTINUED.]

II.—Of the Organic Food of Plants.

Q. Do plants require food as animals do?

A. Yes, all plants require constant supplies of food in order that they may live and grow.

Q. Where do plants obtain their food?

A. They obtain it partly from the air and partly from the soil.

Q. Do plants require two distinct kinds of food?

A. Yes, they require organic food to support their organic part, and inorganic food to support their inorganic part.

Q. Whence do they obtain organic food?

A. They obtain their organic food partly from the air and partly from the soil.

Q. Whence do they obtain their inorganic food?

A. They obtain their inorganic food wholly from the soil in which they grow.

Q. In what form do plants take in organic food from the air?

A. In the form chiefly of carbonic acid gas.

Q. What is carbonic acid gas?

A. It is a kind of air which has no color, but has a peculiar smell. Burning bodies are extinguished in it, and animals die, and it is heavier than common air. It causes the boiling up of soda water, and the frothing of beer, and forms nearly half the weight of all limestone rocks.

Q. Does carbonic acid gas form a large part of the atmospheric air?

A. No the atmospheric air consists almost entirely of a mixture of oxygen and nitrogen gases. Five gallons of air contain about four of nitrogen and one of oxygen, but in 5000 gallons there are only 2 gallons of carbonic acid gas.

Q. Do plants drink in much carbonic acid from the air?

A. Yes, they drink in a very large quantity.

Q. How can plants drink in so large a quantity of this gas from the air, which contains so little?

A. They spread out their broad thin leaves in great numbers through the air, and thus are able to suck in the carbonic acid from a large quantity of air at the same time.

Q. How do they suck it in?

A. By means of a great number of very small openings or mouths which are spread everywhere, especially over the under surface of the leaf.

Q. Do the leaves suck in this carbonic acid at all times?

A. No, only during the day time. During the night they give off a quantity of carbonic acid.

Q. What does carbonic acid consist of?

A. Carbonic acid consists of carbon, or charcoal, and oxygen.

6 lbs. of carbon and 16 lbs. of oxygen form 22 lbs. of carbonic acid.

Q. How do you prove this?

A. By burning charcoal in oxygen gas, when carbonic acid gas will be formed.

Q. Does the plant retain both the carbon and the oxygen contained in the carbonic acid that is absorbed by its leaves?

A. No, it retains only the carbon, giving off the oxygen again into the air.

Q. How do you show that the leaves give off this oxygen gas?

A. By putting a few green leaves under a tumbler or gas-receiver full of water, and setting them out in the sunshine, when small bubbles of oxygen gas will be seen to rise from the leaves, and to collect in the upper part of the tumbler.

Q. Do the leaves of plants drink in anything else from the atmosphere?

A. Yes, they drink in watery vapor.

Q. What purpose does this vapor serve?

A. It serves in part to moisten the leaves and stems, and partly to form the substance of the plant itself.

Q. In what form do plants take in carbon from the soil?

A. In the form of carbonic acid, humic acid, and some other substances which exist in the black vegetable matter of the soil.

Q. In what form do plants derive nitrogen from the soil?

A. In the form of ammonia and nitric acid.

III.—Of the Substance of Plants.

Q. What does the substance of plants chiefly consist of?

A. The substance of plants chiefly consists of woody fibre, starch and gluten.

Q. What is woody fibre?

A. Woody fibre is the substance which forms the greater part of all kinds of wood, straw, hay, and chaff, of the shells of nuts, and of cotton, flax, hemp, &c.

Q. What is starch?

A. Starch is a white powder, which forms nearly the whole substance of the potato, and about half the weight of oatmeal, wheaten flour, and of the flour of other kinds of grain cultivated for food.

Q. What is gluten?

A. Gluten is a substance like bird-lime, which exists, along with starch, in almost all plants. It may be obtained from wheaten flour, by making it into a dough, and washing it with water.

Q. Which of these three substances is usually most abundant in plants?

A. The woody fibre is the most abundant in the stems of plants, and the starch in their seeds.

Q. Is starch found in the roots of plants?

A. Yes, it exists abundantly in the potato and other similar roots.

Q. What do woody fibre and starch, and also gum and sugar consist of?

A. They all consist of carbon and water only.

Q. May these substances then be formed from the kinds of food which the leaves drink in from the air?

A. Yes, because the leaves drink in carbonic acid and water.

Q. Can you tell, then, why the leaves give off the oxygen of the carbonic acid into the air?

A. Yes, they require only carbon and water to form the woody fibre and starch, of which they consist, and therefore they give off the oxygen of the carbonic acid because they cannot make use of it.

Q. If plants suck in so much carbonic acid from the air, may they not at length rob the air of the whole of the carbonic acid it cont

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Thursday, Dec. 24, 1863.

Terms of the Maine Farmer.

$2.25 per annum, or $2.00 if paid within three months of the date of Subscription.

☞ *These terms will be rigidly adhered to in all cases.* ☜

All payments made by subscribers to the *Farmer* will be credited in accordance with our new mailing method. The printed date upon the paper, in connection with the subscriber's name, will show the time to which he has paid, and will constitute, in all cases, a valid receipt for moneys remitted by him.

☞ A subscriber desiring to change the post office direction of his paper must communicate to us *the name of the office to which it has been previously sent*, otherwise we shall be unable to comply with his request.

Notice.

☞ Mr. H. P. Weeks will visit our subscribers in Lincoln and Knox Counties during the months of November and December.

Mr. V. Darling will call upon subscribers in Washington County, during the present and ensuing month.

Mr. Jas. Sturgis is now engaged in canvassing Androscoggin County.

Particular Notice to Subscribers.

The practice of paying newspaper subscriptions in advance is one mutually advantageous to patrons and publishers. The subscriber saves a handsome per centage on his money, and has the satisfaction of knowing that his newspaper reading for the year has been paid for. The publisher is spared the disagreeable necessity, trouble and expense of dunning his patrons, and at the same time is put in possession of the means to enable him to make improvements in his paper for the benefit of all concerned. Within the past few years the habit of paying in advance has greatly increased among our subscribers, and we hope the time is not far distant when it will become general. In the meantime there are a few names on our list in arrears, and we wish to make it an object for them to follow the example so worthily set by a large majority of our patrons. For this purpose we make them the following liberal proposition: Our terms are $2 per year in advance, and $2.25 if not paid within three months. *Any person now in arrears who will remit to us the amount due, on or before the 1st day of January next, and $2 in addition for the year 1864 in advance, shall receive a receipt for the same at the rate of $2 per year.* He will thus make a saving of 25 cents per annum on all arrears, and have the satisfaction of complying with the apostolic injunction, "Owe not the printer anything." We hope all our subscribers who are in arrears, will avail themselves of this offer. The discount which we thus make will involve a considerable diminution in our current receipts, but we shall be satisfied if we shall be able thereby to establish the rule of advance payments, so far as the *Maine Farmer* is concerned, as a permanent system.

"Value of a Fixed Purpose."

We do not know that it is possible to give any valuation to that which is invaluable. That is to say, it is not possible to measure by dollars and cents a principle, a sentiment and a faith which urges individuals on to the accomplishment of great undertakings, and the consummation of new projects which often appear visionary and impracticable to ordinary minds. And yet we would call the attention of our readers—our young readers especially—to the worth of a "fixed purpose." The history of nearly all the great discoveries, the great improvements, and the great accomplishments which have brought the present age up to its high state of knowledge and power, and which is to bring future generations still higher in the scale of knowledge and prosperity, is that the many individuals who started new undertakings and new projects, had deeply and indelibly impressed upon their minds and characters, and into their very souls, a "fixed purpose." They seemed bound as if by some magic spell, and believed in their very souls that what they proposed not only could be done but *must be done*, and their strength and energy and means were intensely devoted to its accomplishment.

This is strongly illustrated in the history of Columbus. He had convinced himself that the earth was a globe, and if a globe that there must be other lands and other seas yet undiscovered, and all that was needed was to sail forward until he came to them. How deeply fixed was the purpose in his heart to do this! How earnestly he pleaded for the means to accomplish it—first at one court, and then at another! How long and zealously he argued before the faithless wealthy ones of that day to convince them of the truth of his theory, and to grant him the means to verify it by actual discovery; the accomplishment of which he was willed to undertake and devote to it his personal labors and even his life. Years and years he persisted in the pursuit of this purpose, and was finally furnished with the means, and what would be called very ordinary means too at the present day, by which all his hopes and visions were realized.

It was this fixedness of purpose that started the stern old puritans—the pilgrims of Plymouth to leave the shores of civilized life and commit themselves to the risks of the sea and chances of wilderness life and Indian warfare that they might make a home in which to enjoy their religious belief and modes of worshiping, in peace and freedom. With limited means and at a great sacrifice of life they accomplished it, and millions are now reaping the fruits of their determined zeal and unconquerable energy.

It was the practice of this same fixedness of purpose—this same determination that prompted in later years their descendants to declare their independence, and, relying upon the justice of their cause and the aid of heaven, endured the toils and dangers and cost of a seven years' war until they had brought it to pass. History is full of examples illustrating the importance of this principle, and how essential it is to success. It would be well if it were never found only on the side of right and justice, but it is sometimes found to have carried wrong doers through their struggles, and to ensure even success to the wicked.

It has the same bearing and the same influence in the pursuits of individuals in the common walks of life, and in the humble sphere of every day duties, leading them to success or failure according as their purpose is fixed and firm, or weak and vacillating. When you see a man who has proposed to accomplish a work and becomes impressed that it *must* be done, he generally, sooner or later, succeeds in doing it, while a hesitating, undecided man seldom succeeds in anything.—"Unstable as water thou shalt not excel," is as true now as it was in the hour when the dying patriarch of Israel pronounced it with such mournful emphasis upon his son.

It is no matter what your calling or occupation is, you all have something to do, something to accomplish. Come to an understanding of what you ought to do—what you wish to do, and if it be a right and proper object let your purpose be deeply fixed in your mind, and then bring a steady unswerving, unwearied energy to bear upon it. If baffled and defeated once or twice, or thrice, don't get discouraged, but work on with calmness guided by a strong will and good common sense and you will ultimately conquer.

"Never give up." 'Tis the secret of glory,
Nothing so wise can philosophy preach,
Think on the names that are famous in story,
"Never give up" is the lesson they teach.

How have men compassed immortal achievements?
How have they moulded the world to their will?
'Tis, that midst dangers, and woes, and bereavements,
"Never give up" was their principle still."

☞ The publishers of the *Kennebec Journal* announce their intention of issuing a daily, instead of a tri-weekly paper, during the coming session of the Legislature. Price $2 for the session.

An Appeal to our Young Men.

Under the stimulus of the large bounties offered by the Government and the towns, enlistments in this State are progressing with unexampled rapidity. Probably not less than a thousand recruits have been added to the quota of Maine within the past week. At the present rate of enlistment the full number required will be raised by the 5th of January. In view of this gratifying fact, we would suggest to those who contemplate entering the service that they speedily avail themselves of the favorable opportunity and the splendid inducements now offered. If, however, by any chance the State should fail to raise its quota, the draft is sure to follow, and the able-bodied young men who might otherwise have enlisted and received from $500 to $800 in bounties, will be compelled to take their chances of the conscription, with the certainty, if drafted, of going into the service without bounty or allowance of any kind, save the meagre pay of $13 per month, to which they will be entitled from the Government. We trust it is unnecessary for us to urge this view of the matter upon their consideration. If our young men have any intelligent appreciation of their own interests, to say nothing of the honor and credit of volunteering, rather than being forced into the service, they will cheerfully and promptly come forward and help to swell the ranks of the army of the Union.

In all probability this will be the final call upon the loyal States for troops. The forces now organizing for the approaching spring campaign, we trust will have the privilege and glory of striking the finishing blow at the rebellion. All the omens are favorable to this result. The recent brilliant successes of our arms in Tennessee, the President's proclamation of amnesty, which it is believed will be eagerly embraced by tens of thousands of repentant rebels in arms against the Union—the discouragement and demoralization so evident in their councils and their camps—the almost despairing tone of the last message of their President—all these unmistakably point to the speedy collapse of the rebellion, the destruction of the institution whose baleful influence has wrought such evil in the land, and the restoration of the whole country to the blessings of freedom and peace and union. Who will hesitate and falter now, when the goal is so nearly attained—the prize so surely within our reach? Where is the young man so dead to every impulse of patriotism, who, in this grand and final struggle for the redemption of his country, will grudge a few months service in her behalf. When the great work is accomplished, precious and glorious will be the memory of him who bravely helped to do it; while he who meanly shrank from his duty in the hour of his country's peril, will be remembered only with pity and contempt. This is the moment to make a record for yourselves in the hearts of your countrymen. Be it base or honorable, it will cling to you and your children's children forever. Come forth, then, young men, and fill up the ranks of the army of freedom! Your strong arms and brave hearts are the reliance and the safety of the Government—the best Government on earth. Let not its last appeal be made to you in vain.

Augusta Lyceum. The lecture in verse on Thursday evening last, by John G. Saxe, the poet and humorist, was well received by the large audience in attendance. The theme was "Love," and all the manifold phases of the tender passion were depicted in the speaker's accustomed vein of mingled pathos and pleasantry, doubtless very much to the satisfaction of those who had any experience upon the subject. The well known humorous poem entitled "The Proud Miss McBride," an appropriate pendant to the lecture, was also recited by Mr. Saxe with admirable effect.

In consequence of the illness of Wm. Lloyd Garrison, who was announced as the third lecturer in course, the lecture on Thursday evening of this week will be omitted. He will probably fulfil his engagement with the Directors at a later period of the season.

Progress of Enlistments. The 2d Maine Cavalry now numbers in camp 1100 enlisted men, of whom 747 have been mustered in and 7 companies organized.

The 29th veteran volunteers is filled up to its maximum strength, and 574 have been mustered in. It is reported that the portion of the regiment now here will be ordered to join the battalion of the old 10th Maine, now with the army of the Cumberland.

The 30th veteran volunteers has 800 enlisted men, 320 of whom have been mustered in.

The 7th Maine Battery numbers 100 men in camp, and will probably be full in the course of the present week.

The whole number of enlistments on the quota of this State is not far from 4000.

Musical Entertainments. A series of musical entertainments will be given shortly at Meonian Hall for the benefit of the poor of the city. The extraordinary high prices of provisions and fuel bear with peculiar severity upon a large number of people in indigent circumstances, and it is to be hoped that these entertainments will be generously patronized by our citizens. An attractive programme of vocal and instrumental music will be presented, the best musical talent of the city having volunteered their services for the occasion.

The American Paganini—Grand Concert. By referring to our advertising columns it will be seen that this celebrated performer on the king of instruments, (the violin) will give the music lovers of Augusta and vicinity, an opportunity of listening to his masterly performances at Meonian hall on Christmas night, Dec. 25th. He will be assisted by eminent artists from New York and Boston. This concert will be well worth attending, and all who desire to be present, should go early in order to secure a good seat.

☞ We learn from the Bangor *Whig* that Br. Sayward of the *Kennebec Journal* celebrated his forty-second birth day on Friday evening last. This, the editor thinks, is the tenth celebration of the same anniversary. We had no idea that our friend Sayward was quite so old as that. We remember him more than twenty years ago as a young man, and everybody knows he hasn't grown a day older since. We wish him many happy returns of his forty second birth day.

Ladies' Aid Society. The following is a list of the articles sent by our Ladies' Aid Society to the sick and suffering soldiers in hospital, Dec. 17th.

32 shirts, 31 prs. drawers, 3 dressing-gowns, 9 quilts, 24 towels, 9 prs. hose, 11 prs. slippers, 18 night-caps, 4 comfort-bags, 5 arm-slings, 1 blanket, 10 pounds coffee, 8 jars pickles, 2 bottles currant wine.

Extention of Time. The term allotted to consider applications before the Board of Enrolment for exemptions from the draft on account of alienage, unsuitableness of age, non-residence and permanent physical disability, has been extended from the 20th of December to the 5th of January next.

☞ Counterfeit script of the denomination of 50 cents on the Freemans Bank of this city is largely in circulation in the county. The counterfeit is skilfully executed, and the only sure way to prevent imposition is to refuse all script of that description whenever offered.

☞ Mr. D. P. Maynard, of this city, has commenced the manufacture of chemical detersive and variegated soap, excellent articles of household use, as we have the opportunity of knowing.

Recapture of the Steamer Chesapeake. Our readers will be gratified to learn that the steamer Chesapeake, which was captured by rebel pirates on the 6th inst., on her passage from New York to Portland, has been re-taken by one of our cruisers. A despatch from Halifax dated Dec. 17th announces the re-capture as follows:

"The movements of the Chesapeake, since her first appearance in Sherburne, had been narrowly watched by U. S. officials and American citizens of the Province. Her whereabouts were daily known, but the absence of gunboats has caused delay in her capture. On Tuesday the Ella and Annie, Lieut. Commanding Nickels, arrived for coal, and was immediately supplied at Cunard's wharf. Receiving information that the Chesapeake was at Lahore, she immediately steamed for her, arriving at her rendezvous at 3 P. M., but she had left at 9 A. M. The Ella and Annie immediately turned back and steamed to Lunenburg for orders, arriving there in the evening.

In the meantime the officials, receiving information that the pirates were at Sambro, notified Lieut, Nickels, who immediately steered for her, determined to take her at daylight. On Thursday he accomplished his object, the crew offering no resistance, but at the sight of their pursuer, immediately fled to the woods, leaving a sumptuously prepared breakfast.

The Chesapeake was immediately taken in tow and Lieut Nickels started for an American port. The Dacotah then came up and ordered Lieut. Nickels to take his prize into Halifax for the sanction of the act by the government. The three vessels arrived here at 6 o'clock this afternoon. Three of the crew were captured, only one of whom was engaged in seizing the Chesapeake, the others having since shipped in Nova Scotia."

A later despatch from Halifax, states that the Chesapeake with the pirates captured on board of her were delivered to the officers of the English Government on Saturday. Upon landing them on the wharf, where a crowd had assembled, the prisoners were seized by a boat's crew in the slip, and upon an officer moving to arrest them under a warrant, he was seized and held by prominent citizens. The persons who seized the prisoners succeeded in getting them on board a boat which immediately moved down the bay. The pirates are at liberty, scattered thoroughout the province.

The following statement of the proceedings of the Chesapeake subsequent to her leaving the captured crew and passengers at St. John up to the time of her re-capture by the Ella and Annie, is by Mr. Johnson, 1st Engineer of the steamer:

"After we left St. John, the first port we entered was Shelburne, where we arrived on the night of Thursday: took aboard ten tons of coal and left the next morning for Lahore river, saw a steamer off the mouth of the river, concealed the vessel and ascended the river Friday night and lay there until Tuesday, discharging part of the cargo, for which we received $1000, selling sugars at 3 cents per pound, flour $3 per barrel and other articles in proportion; left the river at 3 P. M., laying at the mouth all night, loading a schooner with the stolen goods. On the morning of Wednesday steamed for St. Mary's bay, about 90 miles east of Halifax. About 9 A. M. saw a steamer and immediately concealed the vessel by hugging the shore, when the steamer disappeared—started again—when off Sambro, pilot Flynn boarded and took the vessel into Sambro harbor. Capt. Locke satisfying himself that he had not coal enough to complete a voyage he anchored about 2 P. M., and immediately started for Halifax for coals and engineers, intending to release Mr. Johnson, who told them he would not stay in the vessel. The captain returned successfully about 2 A. M. in a schooner with coal and engineers. About 6 A. M. Flynn informed the captain that a gunboat was entering the harbor. Satisfying himself of the fact he asked Johnson to scuttle the vessel, who replied that he could not do it. Hastily securing what plunder he could he took to the boats and the Ella and Annie appeared in sight.

Bank Robbery and Murder. A murder and robbery of almost unparalleled atrocity and boldness, was committed in Malden, Mass., on Tuesday last. The bank in that place had been left in charge of a young man named Converse, during the temporary absence of the cashier. About 12 o'clock at noon, a son of the cashier went into the bank on an errand and found young Converse lying wounded and insensible on the floor behind the counter. He died in about fifteen minutes after he was found. Upon examination by a physician it was ascertained that a ball entered at the left temple and came out back of the right ear. The vault of the bank was locked, but the sum of 5,000 which had been left in charge of the book-keeper, was taken away by the murderer. No clue to the perpetrator has yet been discovered. A woman, it is reported, saw a stranger enter the bank, and soon after heard the noise of the discharge of a pistol. The bank is a small brick edifice, located in Malden Centre, with no other building in the immediate vicinity, but on the main road, and in the midst of the business of the town. It is probable that the murderer had watched closely the daily proceedings of the bank, and was aware that the book-keeper was at times left alone in the building, and took advantage of this to perpetrate the robbery, which resulted in the sad tragedy.

A reward of five thousand dollars has been offered by the Directors of the Malden Bank for arrest of the murderer and the recovery of the money. A reward of three thousand dollars is offered for the arrest of the murderer alone, and a like sum for the recovery of the money.

Casualties in the 11th Maine. The following list of casualties is reported in the Bangor *Whig* as recently occurring in the 11th Maine, while serving as artillerists on Morris Island:

Nelson C, Crocker, Co A, Portland, wounded slightly—shoulder dislocated.

Horace H Bearce, Co, E, Alton, severely—arm broken near shoulder.

Corporal H. F. Albee, Co. C, East Machias, killed.

Stephen R. Bearce, in hand, slightly.

Greenlief Maddocks, Co. D, Kennebunkport, face—slight.

Lyman M. Bragdon, Co. D, Franklin, foot—slight.

Bradley M. Kimball, Co. E, Hermon, killed.

Sergeant John Howard, Co. K, Brownville, face and right eye—severely.

The wounded are all doing well. Albee and Kimball, killed, were excellent young men, and among the very best soldiers of the regiment, Kimball had received the recommendation for one of the Gillmore Medals of Honor, for his bravery and good conduct at the "Marsh Angel" Battery. On the night of July 22d, under the fire of 12 guns and one mortar, he, with Sergeant Payne of Plymouth, volunteered to go for a boat to carry away the wounded. He escaped then to fall on the 8th inst., by a rebel shell from Moultrie.

Our Duty to the Slave. At the 30th annual meeting of the American Anti-Slave Society recently held in Philadelphia, a letter was read from John G. Whittier, the Quaker philanthropist and poet, in which he urges the claims of the negro freedmen, and sets forth the new duties devolving upon anti-slavery men in view of the great change in the condition of the colored race resulting from the present struggle. In his letter he says:

"While we may well thank God and congratulate one another on the prospect of the speedy emancipation of the slaves of the United States, we must not for a moment forget that from this hour new and mighty responsibilities devolve upon us, to aid, direct and educate these millions, left free, indeed, but bewildered, ignorant, naked and foodless in the wild chaos of civil war. We have to undo the accumulated wrongs of two centuries; to remake the manhood that slavery has well nigh unmade; to see to it that the long-oppressed colored man has a fair field for development and improvement, and to tread under our feet the last vestige of that hateful prejudice which has been the strongest external support of southern slavery. We must lift ourselves at once to the true Christian attitude, where all distinctions of black and white are overlooked in the heartfelt recognition of the brotherhood of man.

☞ The Christmas Festival for the Sabbath School of the Congregationalist Church of this city will be postponed to New Year's Eve.

Editor's Table.

The Days of Shoddy. A Novel of the Great Rebellion of 1861. By Henry Morford, author of "Shoulder Straps," Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Bros. 1 vol., 12mo., pp. 500.

Mr. Morford has hitherto been known in literary circles as a graceful and felicitous writer of verse. Some of his poems are among the choicest gems of our literature, and are treasured as household words in the memory of those who have read and admired them. He has now entered a new field of literary labor, and if we may judge by the success of his first venture, is destined to take rank among the popular novelists of the day. The incidents of the present war have again afforded him a theme which he has skilfully woven into a story of absorbing and sometimes of painful interest. The frame-work of fiction is also made subservient to a higher and more useful purpose. His exposure of the "shoddy contractors," and official swindlers who have dishonestly availed themselves of the necessities of the Government, and enriched themselves at the expense of the people, is most scathing and convincing. He shows this shoddy gentry up in their true colors, and we trust the graphic pictures which he presents of the system of public plundering will not be without their wholesome influences upon this class of individuals. We are glad to learn that the work is having an extensive sale.

The Runaway Match; and the Dean of Denham. By Mrs. Henry Wood, author of Squire Trevelyn's Heir, &c. Complete in one volume. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

Mrs. Wood faithfully portrays humble life, and is never wearisome, whether a palatial mansion or a neglected hut is the scene of her heroine's vicissitudes. Pathos, humor, and sound sense, by turns, gratify the mind and touch the heart. In the "Runaway Match," the interest in uninterruptedly maintained from the initial chapter to the end. She is skilful in the delineation of character, and evinces beyond a doubt a comprehensive knowledge of human nature. Above all, the crowning merit of her productions is their uniformly high moral tone. They are not merely the playthings of an hour; their influence is more than ephemeral. We bespeak for this work a very large sale. Price 50 cents a copy. On remitting the amount to the publishers, the work will be sent free of postage, to any part of the United States.

The Farmer Boy, and how he became Commander-in-Chief. By Uncle Juvenile. Edited by Wm. M. Thayer, author of "The Pioneer Boy," &c. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

This is a familiar history of General George Washington, the "Father of his Country," prepared especially for the use of juvenile readers, and published in an elegant style for the holidays. Every American boy ought to become acquainted with the personal history and character of this good and great man. For sale at E. Fenno's.

Spectacles for Young Eyes. Moscow. By Mrs. Sarah W. Louder. Boston: Walker, Wise & Co.

A book for the holidays, handsomely illustrated and containing a graphic and pleasant narrative of travels in Russia, and a particular description of Moscow, the celebrated city of the Czar. For sale at Fenno's.

The Scientific American. A new volume of this popular scientific journal will commence with the new year. The *Scientific American* occupies a field peculiarly its own, is the only journal of the kind published in our country, and is one of the most widely circulated and influential publications of its class in the world. Its pages are specially devoted to the interests of mechanics, chemists, manufacturers, engineers and inventors, and its articles and illustrations pertaining to these departments are of the best kind. Large 8vo., sixteen pages weekly. Terms $3 per year; $1.50 for six months; clubs of twenty copies, $40. Address Munn & Co., 37 Park Row, New York.

Ballou's Monthly for January opens with a couple of illustrated poems, and contains its usual amount of tales, poetry, illustrations, &c. Boston: Elliot, Thomes and Talbot. $1 a year, ten cents single number.

Military Commissions. The following Commissions to officers in the volunteer service from this State have been issued from the Adjutant General's Office:

Sixth Regiment. Horace S Hobbs, Milo, 1st Lieutenant Co A; Ira P Wing, Barnard, 2d Lieutenant Co A; Frederick A Hill, Machias, Captain Co C; John L Pierce, Machias, 1st Lieutenant Co C; Wm H West, Machias, 2d Lieutenant Co C; Edward Williams, Calais, Captain Co D; George P Blanchard, Calais, 1st Lieutenant Co D; Henry A Balcom, Calais, 2d Lieutenant Co D; Fred B Ginn, Orland, Captain Co E; Waldo S Richards, Prospect, 1st Lieutenant Co E; Charles P Dorr, Bucksport, 2d Lieutenant Co E.

Seventh Regiment. Charles P Mattocks, Portland, Major; James S Roberts, Portland, 1st Lieutenant Co A; Robert H Mather, Kittery, 2d Lieutenant Co A; Grenville F Sparrow, Portland, 1st Lieutenant Co B; Wm H Sturgis, Standish, 2d Lieutenant Co B; Wm H Green, Portland, Captain Co E; Wellington Hobbs, Norway, 2d Lieutenant Co H; George A Whidden, Westbrook, 1st Lieutenant Co I; Benjamin Doe, South Berwick, 2d Lieutenant Co K.

29th Regiment Vet. Volunteers. Wm. P Jordan, Portland, Captain Co C; Benjamin M Reddon, Portland, 1st Lieutenant Co C; Charles B Fillebrown, Winthrop, 2d Lieutenant Co C; William W Whitmarsh, Norway, Captain Co G; Henry R Millett, Norway, 1st Lieutenant Co G; Sylvester W Cummings, Freedom, 2d Lieutenant Co G; Granville Blake, Auburn, Captain Co H; George B Coburn, Lewiston, 1st Lieutenant Co H; Hartwell S French, Turner, 2d Lieutenant Co H; Almon C Pray, Auburn, Captain Co I; John O Kidder, Mexico, 1st Lieutenant Co I; John L Hoyt, East Livermore, 2d Lieutenant Co I.

Thirtieth Regiment Vet. Volunteers. Horace C Haskell, Turner, Captain Co A; Wm N Noyes, Livermore, 1st Lieutenant, Co A; Francis E Dwinel, Minot, 2d Lieutenant Co A; George W Randall, Freeport, Captain Co E; Sumner N Strout, Durham, 1st Lieutenant Co E; Abraham N Rowe, Yarmouth, 2d Lieutenant Co E; Freeman U Whiting, Newport, Captain Co B; Lucius D Fisher, Norway, 2d Lieutenant Co B; Whitman Sawyer, Raymond, Captain Co C; Henry P Simpson, Gray, 1st Lieutenant Co C; Lewis F Cummings, Albany, 2d Lieutenant Co C; Warren H Boynton, Bangor, Captain Co D; Daniel Quimby, Ellsworth, 1st Lieutenant Co D; Reuben Seavey, Farmingdale, 2d Lieutenant Co D.

Second Maine Cavalry Vet. Volunteers. Charles Nason, Kennebunk, Chaplain; Charles A Miller, Rockland, Senior Major; John M Lincoln, Perry, Captain Co D; George W Seavey, East Machias, 1st Lieutenant Co D; Wm Gillespie, Calais, 2d Lieutenant Co D; Samuel W Clark, Newcastle, Captain Co E; Adoniram J Pickard, Rockland, 1st Lieutenant Co E; Fred A Metcalf, Damariscotta, 2d Lieutenant Co E; Gustavus A Stanley, Farmingdale, Captain Co F; Evander S Prescott, Wilton, 1st Lieutenant Co F; Simon W Parlin, Phillips, 2d Lieutenant Co F; Samuel W Knowles, Bangor, Captain Co G; Wm Banton, Lagrange, 1st Lieutenant Co G; Jason C Chandler, Corinth, 2d Lieutenant Co G.

Further Supplies for our Soldiers at Richmond Refused. The Washington *Star* of Wednesday last, says:

"Last evening the Chief of the Bureau of Exchange and Prisoners, Maj. Gen. Hitchcock, received from Gen. Meredith a copy of a letter addressed to him on the 11th inst., by Robt. Ould, announcing the determination of the rebel war department hereafter to receive no more provisions from the North for our prisoners in their hands.

We hear from Fortress Monroe that he alleges persistent villification and abuse with reference to the way in which the rebel authorities have carried out their pledges upon the subject as the reason why they break up the arrangement, but promise, however, to deliver faithfully all the supplies already received up to the time the letter was written, and adds that hereafter all the prisoners will be rationed the same as their soldiers in the field.

The probable reason for stopping the supplies is because of the pressure of the jealousy of the people of Richmond, who say our prisoners live better than any family could live in the rebel capital.

☞ We learn from the Portland *Courier* that the first cargo of vegetables and fruit contributed in this State, was dispatched on Friday last under the auspices of the Sanitary Commission to New Orleans. The cargo consisted of 1600 barrels of potatoes, 250 barrels apples, and 250 barrels assorted vegetables. These articles were made up from the contributions of 30 towns, and were transported over the several railroads free of charge. The second cargo will be shipped to Port Royal, and an opportunity is afforded for other towns to join in the noble work of patriotic benevolence so successfully inaugurated.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter from South Freeport.

South Freeport, Dec. 14, 1863.

Messrs. Editors:—A rainy Sabbath has cleared away all the snow of Saturday, and left our streets and fields bare as before. We have no sleighing and the boys cannot slide down hill. We have, however, another sort of "coasting" somewhat brisk just now. Four schooners have been actively loading and clearing with hay and potatoes for the latitude of Washington. Teams loaded have been pouring in, a constant stream, with those materials, giving to our quiet place an uncommon business activity. Hay sells at the wharf at $20 per ton, and potatoes range above fifty cents the bushel. Every article of farm produce commands a ready market at high prices, and labor in all departments is at a premium.

A new bark of 600 tons was launched on Saturday from the yard of Messrs. G. & C. Bliss—a fine model from the hand of Master James Brewer. This is the fourth launch we have had at the village since the 1st of July, and another but a short distance from us, making five from the Harriscekt waters for the season. We shall now have a recess, probably, till the opening of spring, though timber is already accumulating in some of the yards, and crews are in the country and forests preparing frames for another year. At Yarmouth, four miles distant, three large vessels are just going up, so that our carpenters need not go far away for employment, yet several have gone to meet the more earnest demands of ship yard in other States. At Yarmouth, the pay is from $2 to $2.50 per day.

I suppose we may look for the destruction of other vessels by the Chesapeake just seized by pirate hands on her passage from New York to Portland; unless the gunboats in pursuit shall shall spoil their infamous plans. It is difficult to see what may be the final issue of affairs if desperadoes of this class continue to find shelter in Canada and the Eastern Provinces, to mature their infernal schemes. Let us hope that no complications shall thus arise till the rebellion is disposed of, and the old flag shall wave again in serene triumph over every rebel State. It is a matter of gratitude to God that the English and Canadian Governments of late, have indicated a desire to be in the right in these affairs; but it does not seem quite clear that they will foresee and prevent all the forces of mischief that sympathise with the rebellion, or desire to use it for their pecuniary profit. Let us hope for and cultivate forbearance so long as this is possible. If we, as a people, are true to our trust and our mission, we may hope for a Divine protection that will shield us from every threatened danger of interference by other nations. It is not impossible, indeed there is too much danger of collision among the nations of Europe to give us cause to fear that any nation will wantonly seek a quarrel with us; but our danger lies in the irritations produced by reckless men finding shelter, and perhaps encouragement in the hatred and prejudices, or in the greed of gain that exists in the British Provinces, and the Islands near our Southern coasts.

Our danger from the French in Mexico, I trust is nearly past. The presence of Banks and his forces in Texas, is a decided safety valve, and there seems no probability of any concert between France and England in any measure hostile to us. But our safety is, after all, in our allegiance with right and justice, under the protecting care of the Arbiter of human affairs, whose hand is more and more clearly discernable in the fate of nations. We must be just and generous, as well as valiant and vigilant, and success will crown our hopes as soon as we are prepared for it.

In this view I rejoice exceedingly in the message and attendant proclamation of President Lincoln. I have seen very little comment by political editors. It is not needed. The document must go direct to the loyal heart of the nation, and it would seem as if it must extract the lingering virus of secession sympathy. Will not the calm words of amnesty reach and release many a heart from the despotism of rebellion? One thing is now wanting in these Northern States to turn the tide and secure a Union victory. It is a resolute rally to the last call for "three hundred thousand more." Let this be responded to in season to avoid the draft, and its moral force would insure an early peace. Patriotic devotion in this direction would be a powerful endorsement of the proclamation of Amnesty. Its logic would commend itself to the leaders of the rebellion and the masses led by them, would melt away before it like dew before the morning sun. Shall not Maine be true to her motto in this last call? It would be a grand rebuke for her skulking craven sons, that have sealed their title to infamy by running away to Canada. Words cannot fitly express the vileness of such natures when they turn their back upon the country and abandon its industries and its defense in a time like this. Such men deserve neither home nor country. They are blots upon the record of manhood—outlaws from the commonwealth of humanity. Let them not slink back into cowardly insignificance when the conflict is over. Let them live unknown and die unwept in their chosen cowardly exile, and no stone tell their follies to the generations following:

Yours, as ever, C. P.

Vindication of Gen. Howard. The New York *Evening Post* in a recent article referring to the bad conduct of the 11th corps at Chancellorsville, and the subsequent glorious retrieval of its reputation at Lookout Mountain, indirectly conveyed censure upon Gen. Howard, its commander. Hon. Jas. G. Blaine writes a letter from Washington in defense and vindication of his friend and constituent, from which we make the following extract:

"You seem to have entirely forgotten—you certainly failed to mention—the important fact that the immediate commander of the Eleventh corps, at the time of its misfortune at Chancellorsville and at the time of its magnificent feat of arms on the summit of Lookout Mountain, was one and the same man—Major General Oliver O. Howard. In both these battles General Hooker was General Howard's superior officer, and it has never been alleged that General Howard failed to obey orders at either place. Gen. Howard has in his possession the documents to vindicate his conduct as a military commander at Chancellorsville, and may make them public when he can do so without injury to the service.

The gallant part borne by the Eleventh corps in the battle of Gettysburg is entirely ignored by you. The fierce rebel assaults on Cemetery Hill—the key to Meade's position—were repulsed by Howard's command with a bravery and skill which won universal praise, and at the close of that bloody contest the Eleventh corps had fought its way to the gratitude and admiration of all loyal hearts. The corps went to Chattanooga, therefore, under its gallant young leader, with the glory of Gettysburg and not the failure of Chancellorsville inscribed on its banners. After the battle of Gettysburg the President of the United States was pleased to send General Howard an autograph letter of thanks and congratulations for his consummate generalship on that field—a letter which the young hero's modesty has thus far kept from the public eye. And last August, in an address before the Alumni of Waterville College, Vice President Hamlin, speaking of the opinion of two of the most gallant generals who fought at Gettysburg, declared that when the history of that battle should be truthfully written the great victory would be ascribed, so far as it could be ascribed to one man, to the heroic firmness with which Howard, with his Eleventh corps, held Cemetery Hill.

General Howard's fame is dear not only to the country but especially to his native State, which I have the honor in part to represent. He is my immediate constituent, my fellow townsman, my friend. He has attained, at thirty-three years of age, the eminent rank of Major General, with the command of an army corps. He is an able, loyal, brave, Christian general, and I venture to say of him in the language of another, that at the close of this war "few will leave a more splendid and none a more stainless name."

Army Correspondence.

For the Maine Farmer.

Letter From the 19th Maine.

Camp near Stevensburg, Va., 19th Maine, Dec. 14th, 1863.

It has been my intention for a day or two past to give the readers of the *Farmer* a plain, unvarnished narrative of the experiences of this regiment during the two or three last days of the late campaign across the Rapidan by Gen. Meade. As a literary production I shall make no effort for excellence; but I shall claim the part of giving a faithful record of a few days' real experience in a soldier's life. It will contain nothing ludicrous, spicy, or exciting; no account of desperate fighting, fearful hand to hand combats, and hair breadth escapes; it will give no description of the horrors and ghastly scenes of a recent battle-field, nor make any allusion to the fiendish atrocities of our rebel enemy. On the contrary, it will be tame, but show, perhaps, to those who read, that the fighting is not all of war.

It was on the evening of the last day of November, that our Division, having marched from the right to the left, were halted by the roadside. It was cold, the wind blew from the north-west, and every one was on the move to keep comfortable. The enemy were in front of us where the 1st division of our corps had just been engaging him. Between 7 and 8 P. M. permission came for each company to build a small fire and make coffee. This was done with alacrity, and in a few minutes we were sipping the delicious draught—flaming hot. Between 8 and 9 permission came to build large fires and to lie down. This permission was joyfully accepted, and again in a little while, we weary soldiers, stretched out around the big, crackling fires, were enjoying sweet sleep. At 3½ o'clock the next morning the Orderly hurries around with that well known order which loses none of its significance by being often repeated,—"Wake up, wake up,—pack up and fall in." This order, uttered in a suppressed, hurried tone has its effect. In a moment the men are rousing up; some, who sleep more soundly must be shaken, and pulled, and rolled over. All are astir—each folding his blanket, packing or slinging his knapsack, and the low, suppressed orders of the officers, the whisperings, mutterings and hushed interrogations of the men produce a dull, monotonous sound, which extends through the whole Division. We are in line; immediately comes the 15th Mass., 2d N. Y., 1st Minn., of our brigade, gliding past us, marching by the left flank, out to the front. Our regiment falls in, in the rear of the Minnesota, march out to near the picket line on the Orange C. H. road, where our whole Division forms in two lines of battle, to the left, and perpendicularly to the road,—the 1st and 2d divisions forming the reserve. The 3d corps was on our right. We were in line of battle soon after 4 o'clock A. M. Then came explanations, when we learned "what's the matter." We were to charge on the enemy's rifle-pits on the top of the hill in front. Minute instructions were given us how to proceed in its execution. Just before daylight the order came for the men to unsling knapsacks—lay them in piles by companies, and fix bayonets. Then Gen. Webb, commanding our Division, (2d,) addressed us—telling us what we had to do and how to do it—referring to our achievements at Gettysburg and at Bristow—our regiment was in the front line—and the high reputation that we had to sustain.

It was cold and windy, and if we were going in at all, none cared how soon. There we remained until it was perfectly light, expecting every moment to hear the command—"Forward." As it came light, we had a full view of the rebel works. It was not rifle-pits that we were to go over, but well constructed breast works, presenting a front six feet high and difficult of scaling, and several lines of these parallel to each other. These works were some 600 yards distant, and for the whole intervening distance we should be wholly exposed to the enemy's fire. The sun rose, passed the meridian, and set, and we still remained, one moment expecting to hear the command to move forward, at another to hear the screeching of the enemy's shell. It may as well be acknowledged that we were agreeably disappointed in not hearing either. But it was a tedious day, as any one can imagine.

Immediately after dark, our forces were withdrawn—the 19th alone of the 2d Division advancing to the skirmish line, where we did picket duty for the night. It was a bitter cold night, and the duty was a severe one. We were too near the enemy to allow of much fire,—it was too cold to sleep, and any sort of amusement was out of the question. That night will be remembered by the 19th Maine. At daylight we were relieved by the 42d N. Y., and most joyfully were they welcomed. We marched to the rear, joined our brigade, made coffee, and after getting fully warmed by the fires, many of us attempted to get a little sleep—but it was merely an attempt; for it was but a little while before we were ordered to fall in—after doing which, and changing our position farther to the front and left, we were formed in line of battle and ordered to pile up breastworks of logs and rails. This was done cheerfully, as usual. At first we were instructed to be very quiet—no loud talk. We were in the woods and obscured from the enemy. Night soon came, and with it special permission to build as large fires as we chose. Coffee was made at brilliant fires that night, after which, we spread down our blankets and all sought sleep. But the fates opposed. No sooner were we well napping, than the order was circulated to pack up and fall in with the least possible noise and as quickly as possible. The injunctions were strictly obeyed, and we were soon on the line of march which led to the rear. Thus commenced our falling back—a march the most severe, tedious and exhausting that many a veteran soldier had ever experienced. It was uncomfortably cold, the wind blew, and everything was cheerless. The roads ahead were crowded by the 6th and 3d corps which rendered the progress slow to those behind—a few rods' marching, and then a few moment's halting. Our regiment, which had passed the previous night without sleep, were nodding and gaping, and some even fell asle

Latest Telegraphic News.

LATEST FROM CHARLESTON.

REBEL REPORT OF DISASTER TO THE MONITOR FLEET.

FROM EAST TENNESSEE.

Longstreet Attacks our Forces at Bean's Station and Kelly's Ford.

LONGSTREET REPORTED KILLED.

FROM VIRGINIA.

A GUERRILLA ATTACK REPULSED.

ATTACK ON FORT GIBSON, ARKANSAS.

THE REBELS DEFEATED.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

FORTRESS MONROE, 21st. Richmond papers of the 19th publish the following telegram from Charleston:

The Ironsides and three monitors, while attempting to pass the obstructions became entangled, and will probably be abandoned. Two monitors are also disabled.

CINCINNATI, 21st. The *Commercial* of this city has the following specials:

CUMBERLAND GAP, 18th. General Longstreet divided his army on Monday—one part making an attack on Bean's Station, and the other at Kelly's Ford—the design being to cut off Gens. Shackleford and Foster. A movement by Gen. Ferrier frustrated the plan.

Heavy firing was heard yesterday between Tazewell and Clinch river. It is reported that Longstreet is killed, and that his forces are completely surrounded.

LOUDON, 20th. The battle of Bean's Station commenced on the 14th, at 2 o'clock, and lasted until dark. General Shackleford held the ground until that time, when he withdrew with a loss of 150 to 200 in killed and wounded. Our forces were concentrating at Blair's cross roads when Gen. Shackleford left.

WASHINGTON, 21st. About 3 o'clock Sunnay morning a detacenment of Moseby's guerillas and Stuart's cavalry were found in the neighborhood of Morgansburg, Fauquier county, Va., by a portion of Gregg's cavalry.

The rebels were commanded by a Major of Stuart's cavalry, and were supposed to number between 250 and 300.

Our forces numbered some 400, and consequently the rebels after firing a few shots retreated in the direction of the Rappahannock, and crossed at Barnett's Ford upon pontoon bridges, which the rebels appear to have had constructed there.

The only loss on our side was one slightly wounded, while we captured 10 prisoners, and it is known four rebels were killed.

ST. LOUIS, 21st. A special despatch to the *Democrat*, dated Fort Smith, Ark. 20th, says:

An attack was made on the outposts of Fort Gibson by Standwait, with a force stated at 1600. He was repulsed and fell back, taking part of his force across the Arkansas below Port Gibson, moving northeast.

The 3d Wisconsin cavalry has just returned from a successful reconnoissance southward. They were within 15 miles of the Red river. Finding that the enemy had changed their position since the last advices, they were unable to proceed further. Their return was a constant skirmish for over 100 miles, strong bodies of the enemy being posted at all the cross roads to intercept them. They out their way through in some places, and evaded others by taking blind mountain passes. Their loss was trifling.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 21. In Senate, on motion of Mr. Wilson, the bill for an increase of the bounty and pay of volunteers was taken up.

The committee's amendment allowing soldiers to re-enlist in other branches of the service came first under consideration and was adopted.

Mr. Grimes moved to amend the amendment by giving $400 bounty to all veterans who re-enlisted prior to the 5th of January; also to the effect that any person re-enlisting in the U. S. Marine corps shall receive $300. Rejected.

A debate followed on the policy of paying large bounties, during which Mr. Wilson explained that in October last, when it was found that the draft for 300,000 men was inefficient to meet the want of the War Department, the bounty of $400 to veteran and $300 to others was offered, and this bill was designed to carry out the pledge thus made. The sum of $9,000,000 was received from commutations. This was now augmented to twelve millions.

Mr. Schenck of Ohio, from the military committee, reported a bill repealing the 3d and 10th sections of the enrolment act, so that the two classes of persons to be drafted shall be consolidated into one, this to take effect from and after its passage.

Mr. Miller of Pennsylvania offered a resolution requesting the President to promptly instruct those having charge of the exchange of prisoners to propose to the so called Southern Confederacy to exchange white man for white man, leaving other questions including that relating to negro prisoners to be disposed of hereafter, so that the suffering white men may be restored to the services of the Government, their friends and firesides.

The House refused to lay the resolution on the table.

Mr. Washburne offered a substitute declaring that the House approve of the measures taken by the Administration for the exchange of prisoners now held by the enemy in Southern prisons and recommending that the same course be pursued for a fair and just exchange of all our soldiers now held by the rebels.

The question was taken and Mr. Washburne's substitute was adopted.

The Record of the War.

Important Expedition from Fortress Monroe---Capture of Rebel Troops.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15. The *Times'* correspondent from Portsmouth, Va., informs us of an important expedition undertaken by Brig. Gen. Wild, commanding the negro brigade in General Butler's department: Starting from the vicinity of Portsmouth on Saturday, the 5th inst., and marching in two columns by different routes, the brigade united at Hintonsville, N. C., where an advance was made on Elizabeth City, which was occupied on the 10th inst., without opposition, the rebels being taken by surprise. Artillery and cavalry as well as a considerable naval force, have left to co-operate with Gen. Wild, and Elizabeth City is likely to be made the base of important operations.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15. The following dispatch was received here to-day:

"FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 14.

Gen. Wistar with my approbation, sent out an expedition to Charles City Court House on the James river, to capture the enemy's force stationed there, and I have the pleasure to forward his report of its complete success. What adds to the brilliancy of its achievement is that it has been accomplished during a terrible storm.

(Signed) B. F. BUTLER, Maj. Gen."

YORKTOWN, Va., Dec. 14, 1863.

Major General Butler:

I have the satisfaction to announce the complete success of an expedition sent out under Col. West. All worked in successful combination. Our cavalry carried the enemy's camp at Charles City Court House after a sharp fight, the enemy firing from their houses. We captured eight officers and eighty-two enlisted men, being the whole command of three companies, fifty-five horses and three mules, besides many shot, &c., left on the ground. The enemy's camp, with its equipments, arms, &c., were all thoroughly destroyed.

(Signed) J. J. WISTAR, Brig. Gen.

Reported Overtures of Peace from Rebel Congressmen.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15. The *Times* Washington dispatch says letters received here from prominent conservative members of the rebel congress from North Carolina, ask, unofficially, upon what terms the southern States will be permitted to return to the Union.

Affairs at Knoxville---Pursuit of Longstreet.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15. The *Star* furnishes the following in advance of the publication:

Telegrams were received here last night from Knoxville up to yesterday morning. Gen. Foster had assumed command of the troops lately under the command of Gen. Burnside, and the latter had departed for Cincinnati.

All was then quiet in the vicinity of Knoxville. It was stated here on the authority of scouts and messengers, that much of Gen. Longstreet's artillery and grains had fallen into the hands of our pursuing forces, but these accounts lacked confirmation. The region in which the pursuit is now being made is so far distant from the telegraph, as to make it difficult to verify such statements as promptly as desirable.

Capture of a Valuable Blockade Runner.

NEW YORK, Dec. 15. Advices from Beaufort, N. C., reports that on the morning of the 6th inst. the U. S. gunboat Aries, Lieut. Devens, discovered a blockade runner trying to get into Wilmington.

She gave chase, and the rebels to save themselves ran her ashore and set her on fire. Lieut. D. boarded her and extinguished the flames, but not before considerable damage had been done to both vessel and cargo. She proved to be the British steamer Ceres, a new and magnificent boat loaded with clothing, arms and ammunition. She is a double propeller with four engines all below the water line. She was built in England under the direction of Col. Lamar, and was intended for a rebel cruiser. She cost £50,000. Her engines cost £10,000, and together with part of her cargo will be saved.

Important from Charleston---Bombardment of the City---Fort Sumter on Fire.

FORTRESS MONROE, Dec. 16. The flag of truce boat New York arrived here to-night, bringing Southern news up to to-day.

The Richmond papers have the following:

CHARLESTON, Dec. 11th. Twelve shells were thrown into the city last night at intervals of three hours—damage trifling. The city has been shelled at intervals during the day. About 9 A. M., Sumter took fire from some cause unknown. The fire communicated to the outer timber work of the southwest angle and the wood work was burned and some ammunition destroyed. There were some casualties, but the particulars are not received. The enemy's land batteries opened heavily on the fort during the fire, and were replied to by Moultrie and other batteries. A heavy fire was kept up all day. Not much damage was done to Sumter.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 12. Very little firing. The casualties at Sumter yesterday were ten killed and thirty wounded. The boiler and pattern shops of Edson's foundry was destroyed by fire last night. Eleven shells were thrown into the city, several of which contained Greek fire, which burned fifteen minutes after explosion.

CHARLESTON, Dec. 15. The enemy fired fourteen shots at the city this morning. Seven buildings were struck. No person was injured. Our batteries replied. No firing on Sumter. No new move on the part of the enemy.

From East Tennessee---Rumored Repulse of Gen. Sheridan by Longstreet.

NASHVILLE, Tenn., Dec. 15. There is a rumor here that Gen. Sheridan, commanding the column in pursuit of Longstreet, encountered the rebel rear guard east of Knoxville and sustained a heavy repulse, in which Gen. Sheridan is said to have been badly wounded. The rumor is not yet generally credited at headquarters, but it is traced to several distinct sources. Unless corroborated by dispatches from Chattanooga of this date the story will be discredited.

Col. Misener reports from Columbia that the rebel deserters and citizens are flocking to that post in great numbers, asking to be allowed to take the oath under the President's proclamation. Col. M. says, in regard to the numbers arriving, that he has never seen the like.

Attack on Federal Cavalry by Longstreet.

NEW YORK, Dec. 17. A special despatch to the *Herald*, dated Rutledge, Tenn., 14th, has the following:

"Between 2 and 3 o'clock this afternoon the forces of Longstreet turned out and attacked our pursuing column of cavalry under Gen. Shackleford. A line of battle was formed at Bear Station, on the Cumberland Gap and the Morristown road, and a fight ensued, which lasted until nightfall, when the rebels had succeeded in driving us about half a mile. Colonels Woolford, Graham, Foster and others were engaged. The musketry fire was very heavy. Our loss so far as I can ascertain is about seventy-five. We have taken some prisoners belonging to the rebel Gen. Grache's brigade. The whole movement was made with a well contrived plan to cut off and capture Gen. Shackelford and his command, and a heavy force of rebel cavalry moved down the left bank of the Holston river with the intention of crossing at Kelly's ford and coming in his rear. This portion of the programme was checked. The rebels fired across the river with artillery upon the brigade, but with little effect. We expect a considerable fight to-morrow."

CINCINNATI, 18th. A special despatch to the *Commercial* confirms the cutting off of Longstreet's communication train. A portion of the force sent to Knoxville has returned to Chattanooga. The army will soon go into winter quarters at Chattanooga.

From Charleston---The Rebel Obstructions Washed Away.

CHARLESTON, 13th. General Gilmore again shelled Charleston on Thursday night, throwing a number of shells into the city, and it is thought doing much damage. All the rebel batteries opened, and a heavy fire ensued for several hours.

The storm is washing away the rebel obstructions, and yesterday a large number of heavy timbers bolted together with iron, came down with the tide. They were saved and towed in shore by our tugs.

Rebel Raid on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

WASHINGTON, 18th. The *Star* has the following account of a recent raid:

We learn through despatches received at the the headquarters from Gen. Corcoran, that last evening Co. I, 155th New York Regiment at Staughter's Station, in the midst of a terrible storm which was then raging, were attacked by a body of Stuart's rebel cavalry, about 1000 strong, under command of rebel Gen. Rosser. Contrary to their expectations the company on railroad guard duty there made a gallant, and as it turned out, successful resistance, having beaten them off four times before being flanked, and having their tents burned by a portion of the enemy who got in their rear. The company was then forced to retire with the loss of but two men wounded and one taken prisoner. The rebels then attempted to burn the bridge over Pope Run, but took a stampede before succeeding in doing to it any damage to speak of as it was repaired in two hours this forenoon, and trains are now running again. On moving off the rebels sent back to Fredericksburg 3 ambulance loads of their wounded, and left one prisoner in our hands. They left in the direction of Centerville. As soon as daylight appeared Gen. Corcoran, in command at Fairfax, sent cavalry in pursuit, and has since reported that its advance had come up with the rebel rear.

Morgan the Guerilla Narrowly Escapes Recapture---Bragg's Army Badly Demoralized.

CHATTANOOGA, 18th. The rebel General John Morgan escaped across the Tennessee at Gillispie's landing, 60 miles above here, on Sunday afternoon. Capt. Wm. Cummings and Robert Cummings, who escaped with him, were captured, together with 14 of his escort of 30. Reaching the river, they pressed every citizen to prevent alarm being given, and hurriedly constructed a raft at tho mouth of Miles Creek, on which an attempt to cross was made. A gentleman who eluded their pickets gave the alarm, and the attempt was nearly frustrated. Morgan escaped on a valuable race horse which was presented him in Kentucky, going in the direction of Athens. Gen. Howard, who commands at Athens, has cavalry scouting the country, and possibly Morgan may be taken.

Hardee's headquarters are at Dalton, and his pickets as far as Tunnel. His army, including the Georgia militia, is 35,800 strong, and is represented as utterly demoralized.

The Washing Away of the Obstructions in Charleston Harbor.

NEW YORK, 19th. The *Herald's* Morris Island correspondent thus explains the washing away of the rebel obstructions: The famous floating battery in Charleston which was used against Sumter when Anderson held the works, broke adrift in the last gale, mashed through and carried away the obstructions, and now lies ashore on the north end of Folly Island.

Movements in Western Virginia---The Raid on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad.

HEADQUARTERS, U. S. FORCES,
West Virginia, 14th.

Gen. Kelly received a despatch from Gen. Sullivan, announcing the capture of Colonel Carter of the 1st Virginia cavalry, and a number of other prisoners by a force of the 22d Pennsylvania cavalry, sent out on a reconnissance in Loudon county and toward Upperville. Near the latter place they captured this party.

The rebel force which made the raid on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad last night were two battalions of the 6th Virginia cavalry, under Lieut. Colonel Ball. Major Mosby was not of the party. The damage done to the road was trifling, as the bridges were so saturated with rain that they would not burn. The raiders, however, cut the stringers and let them down. Our loss was about half a dozen men captured.

Foreign News.

NINE DAYS LATER FROM EUROPE.

The steamer Hibernia from Galway, Dec. 8th, for Boston, arrived at St. Johns, N. F. Dec. 17th.

Great Britain.

The U. S. corvette Kearsage arrived off Queenstown on the 7th, and relanded sixteen men recently shipped there.

The Gibralter, formerly the Sumter, had arrived at Queenstown with 330 bales of cotton, from Wilmington.

The Court of Exchequer did not give judgment in the Alexandra case on the 7th, as was expected. No decision can now be given before the 11th of January. It is rumored that the judges differ.

Gen. Grant's victory at Chattanooga attracts the comments of the English press.

The London *Daily News* takes it for granted that Bragg was defeated in a position selected by himself, and that, unless Longstreet was determined to risk all at Knoxville, he would have retreated and rejoined Bragg, thereby relieving Knoxville. It thinks both Bragg and Longstreet in danger.

The *Times* sees no reason to dispute Gen. Grant's claim to victory, and says the rebel reverse is the penalty for missing their opportunity after the battle of Chickamauga. It accepts the minor details with reserve, and suggests that some of the reports from Knoxville may have been a little colored to suit the exigencies of Thanksgiving day.

The Holstein Question.

King Christian issued a proclamation to the Holsteiners on the 6th inst., in which he asserts his claims, and denounces those got up under the mask of favoring hereditary claims. He says the maintainance of the integrity of the Danish monarchy is his duty, and he is resolved to put down insurrectionary movements with an armed force. He hopes that when Holstein finds herself contented with the constitutional freedom which is granted her, troubles will end.

Poland.

Arrests continue at Warsaw. The *Czar* newspaper of Cracow has been suspended for three months on account of its attitude on the Polish question.

The Markets.

AUGUSTA PRICES CURRENT.

CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Flour,	$7 00 to 10 50	Clear Salt Pork,	9 00 to 10 00
Corn Meal,	1 25 to 1 37	Mutton,	6 to 7
Rye Meal,	1 25 to 1 35	Turkeys,	10 to 12
Wheat,	1 62 to 2 00	Chickens,	10 to 12
Rye,	1 40 to 1 50	Geese,	7 to 10
Corn,	1 30 to 1 35	Clover seed,	11 to 15
Barley,	1 00 to 1 10	Herdsgrass,	2 75 to 3 00
Beans.	2 25 to 2 75	Red Top,	75 to 80
Oats,	75 to 85	Hay,	18 00 to 22 00
Potatoes,	45 to 50	Lime,	1 10 to 1 20
Dried Apples,	6 to 8	Fleece Wool,	60 to 75
Cooking "	50 to 1 00	Pulled Wool,	60 to 75
Winter "	40 to 62	Sheep Skins,	1 75 to 2 00
Butter	23 to 25	Hides,	8½ to 9
Cheese,	12 to 14	Calf Skins,	15 to 16
Eggs,	25 to 28	Lamb Skins,	1 50 to 2 25
Lard,	12 to 14	Wood, hard,	$6 00 8,00
Round Hog,	$7 00 to 7 50	Wood, soft,	$4 00 to $4,00

From the New England Farmer.

THE CATTLE MARKETS AT BRIGHTON, CAMBRIDGE AND MEDFORD.

WEDNESDAY, DEC. 16, 1863.

The following is the amount of stock reported at market:

	Cattle.	*Sheep.*	*Shotes.*	*Fat Hogs.*	*Veals.*
This week,	3019	6051	52	1062	—
Last week,	3360	4436	260	2500	—
One years ago, (Dec 11)	2717	4184	200	2000	—

PRICES.

BEEVES—First quality, $8,00@8,50 } Per 100 lbs. on the total
Second do. 6,75@7,75 } weight of hide, tallow and
Third do. 5,50@6,50 } dressed beef.
Extra, $8,75@9,00. Few or none at market.

Working Oxen—$170@180, or according to their value as beef.

Stores—Yearlings, $10@15; two-year-olds, $15@30; three-year-olds, $35@45.

Sheep—5¢@6¢ ℔ lb. on live weight; in lots $4,00@6,00.

Lambs—$3.75@4,25 each.

Milch Cows—$25, 30, 40@55. Ordinary, $15@20.

Swine—Stores, wholesale, 7c; retail 8¼ @ 8c. Live fat hogs, corn-fed, 6¼@7c.

Hides—9@9½c. Calf Skins, 14c. Tallow, 8½@9c.

Pelts—$2 25@2 50.

CATTLE AND SHEEP FROM SEVERAL STATES.

	Cattle. Sheep.		*Cattle. Sheep*
Maine,	441 1028	Northern N. York.	141 281
New Hampshire,	411 940	Western States,	926 508
Vermont,	935 2241	Canada,	826 508
Massachusetts,	40 442	Total,	3019 6051

DROVES OF CATTLE FROM MAINE.

Wells & Hight 91, S A Maxfield 38, A Maxfield 29, F Homstead 28, J Frost 20, D P Allen 18, Enoch Miller 17, Isaac L Spencer 17, J Tibbets 16, W K Dudley, 16, J Abbott 16, L Merrow 15, J Ashford 15, M Blinn 15; J J Holbrook 18, John Fall 18, R N Thompson 16, Daniel Welles 21, M Simpson 16.

The weather has been warm, beef high, the supply very large, and folks wont buy. Besides the large numbers of live stock thrown upon the market during the last two weeks the government packers and canners in Maine have sent considerable dressed meat to Boston One boat this week brought up 75 hindquarters, besides lots of mutton, &c.

STORE CATTLE. Wells & Hight report the sale of 6 ft. 10 in. oxen at $120 ℔ pair, and 6 ft. 6 in. oxen for $60 Beef more than ½c ℔ lb less 20 of their best oxen, over 1000 lbs. each,—and they claim that the cattle from Maine are uncommonly good—for 8c ℔ lb. 17 at 17½c and 15 at 7c.

J. Frost one pair workers, 6 ft. 9 in., for $114; 6 ft. 5 in. oxen at $90 to $105; five oxen for beef, one pair laid at 1900 lbs, and the other pair at 1800 lbs, and the odd one at 800 lbs, for $318.

J. M. Homstead sold one pair workers, six ft 10 in, 5-year-olds, well trained and mated for $135; 2 pairs, 6 ft. 7 in., 5 year-olds, at $125 ℔ pair; one pair of four-year-olds, same size, for $120; and 4 3-year-olds for $80. One 6-year-old forward cow for $28, and 1 5-year-old, for $40.

Enoch Miller sold two pairs at $85 to $145 ℔ pair, and 4 fat 3-year-olds, good as the last, for a fraction over 7½c.

SHEEP AND LAMBS FROM MAINE.

Verplast & Littlefield 300, C H Vining 228, Wells and Hight 207, S Chick 115, D Rich 540, M E Rice, 225, J A Judkins 260, J W Mantor 97.

At market 6051, or some 400 less than last week. With the large supply of last week, why the butchers encouraged the Western drovers to buy six carloads in Albany is something that we cannot explain. As though there were more needed, or that that they ought to have been purchased, unless it was to complete the breakdown in the mutton trade which the butchers foresaw could not be averted. According to our figures, the number of sheep and lambs for the last fortnight is 12,488, against 8,604 for the corresponding two weeks last year, or full 2,00 head more per week this year than last, for the same time. We understand, also, that the commission houses are full of dressed mutton from Maine, at any rate, we have to report one of the worst markets of the season, for the sale of sheep and lambs,—less perhaps on account of disposition on the part of butchers to buy cheap, than from the want of a disposition to buy at all.

PORTLAND MARKET.

PORTLAND, DEC. 19, 1863.

APPLES. Green ℔ bbl $2 50 @ 3 00, Sliced, ℔ lb 8 @ 9c. Cored, 7@8c, Uncored 3@3½.

BUTTER. Country ℔ lb 24@25, Choice Table 25@26, Store 20@22.

BEANS. Marrow ℔ bush $2 75@2 87, Pea $2 87@3 12, Blue Pod $2 62@2 87.

CHEESE. Vermont ℔ lb new 13@14½c, Country 12½@13½.

GRAIN. Rye $1 40@1 45, oats 70c@75c, South yellow corn 1 20@1 32, corn, mixed 1 20@1 32, barley 1 10@1 20.

HAY. Hay ℔ net ton, pressed $18 00 @ 18 50, hay, loose 18 50@19 00.

WOOD. Hard, retail, $9@9 50, Soft, $5@5 50

WOOL. Fleece 60@65, Pulled 72@82, Pelts $1 70@1 75.

—*Price Current.*

BOSTON MARKET....Dec. 19.

Flour—The market is steady and firm for Flour, and the sale have been at $6,00 @ $6.25 for Western superfine; $6,75 @ $7,00 for common extras; $7,25 @ $8,00 for medium do.; and $8,25 @ $11,00 for good and choice brands, including favorite St. Louis.

CORN—Western mixed, $1,40; Yellow, $1,42 ℔ bushel.

OATS—Northern and Canada, 84 @ 85c ℔ bushel.

RYE—$1 48 ℔ bushel.

HAY—Sales of Eastern at $22@ $23.

WOOL—Fleece and pulled Wool. 65 @ 75 ℔ lb.

NEW YORK MARKET.....Dec. 21.

Flour—State and Western heavy and lower—Super. State, 6,55; extra State $6,60 a 6,70; choice, 6,70 a 6,90; round hoop Ohio 7,50 a 7,75; choice 7,70 a 9,50; superfine Western 6,20 6,40; common to good extra Western 7 10 a 7,65; Southern dull and unch'd—mixed to good 7,60 a 8,10; fancy and extra, 8,15 a 10,75.

Wheat is better and 1 a 2 cents higher—Chicago spring 1,43 a 1,46; Milwaukie club 1,42 @ 1 46; red winter western $1 52 @ $1,59; Canada club 1 10 @ $1 17.

Corn 1 a 2c better—mixed western $1,28 @ $1,29.

Barley—Sales at 1 37 to 1 59.

[From the Richmond Whig.]

The Charleston *Courier* makes a timely suggestion in recommending the attention of our government to the naturalization and cultivation of Calisaya, for the preservation of the health of our soldiers. This article has a peculiar effect upon the liver, and guards the system against disease by exposure and irregular diet. It is said that the great success of the Plantation Bitters of Dr. Drake, which, previous to our unhappy difficulties was found in most Southern homes, was owing to the extract of Calisaya Bark which it contained as one of its principal ingredients. "In confirmation of this, we have heard one of our most distinguished physicians remark, that whenever he felt unwell from ordinary dietetic or atmospheric causes, he invariably relieved himself by Plantation Bitters. Now that these Bitters cannot be obtained, a substitute should be prepared. We understand our government has opened negotiations with Dr. Drake, through a secret agent, but with what truth we do not know."

We are exceedingly obliged to the Richmond *Whig* for its remembrance of "Auld Lang Syne," but we can assure "Our Government," that the Plantation Bitters are not for sale to any "secret agents," North or South. There is probably several other things that "Our Government" will yet want.

We know that we have the best and most popular medicine in the world. We are not afraid to show what it is composed of.

Physicians are compelled to recommend it.

CALISAYA BARK has been celebrated for over two hundred years, and was sold during the reign of Louis XVI, King of France, for the enormous price of its own weight in silver. It is remarkable for Dyspepsia, Fevers, Weakness, Constipation, &c.

CASCARILLA BARK. For Diarrhea, Colic, and diseases of the stomach and bowels.

DANDELION. For Inflammation of the Loins and Dropsical Affections.

CHAMOMILE FLOWERS. For enfeebled digestion.

LAVENDER FLOWERS. Aromatic, stimulant and tonic—highly invigorating in nervous debility.

WINTERGREEN. For Scrofula, Rheumatism, &c.

ANISE. An aromatic carminative; creating flesh, muscle and milk; much used by mothers nursing.

Also, clove-buds, orange, caraway, coriander, snake-root, &c

S.—T.—1860—X.

Another wonderful ingredient, of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and brilliancy to the mind, is yet unknown to the commerce of the world, and we withhold its name for the present.

Humbugs and quacks howl about the Plantation Bitters; but the following is what's the matter, and they know it:

PLANTATION BITTERS CURE
Cold Extremities and Feverish Lips.
Sour Stomach and Fetid Breath.
Flatulency and Indigestion.
Nervous Affections.
Excessive Fatigue and Short Breath.
Pain over the Eyes.
Mental Despondency.
Prostration, Great Weakness.
Sallow Complexion, Weak Bowels.
LIVER COMPLAINT AND DYSPEPSIA.

Very particularly recommended to Clergymen, Merchants, Lawyers, and persons of sedentary habits. Also for delicate females and weak persons who require a gentle stimulant, free digestion, good appetite and clear mental faculties.

Sold by all respectable Physicians, Druggists, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons, Country Stores, &c.

Be particular that each bottle bears the fac-simile of our signature on a steel-plate label, with our private government stamp over the cork.

P. H. DRAKE & CO.
202 BROADWAY.

Sold by all respectable Druggists, Physicians, Grocers, Hotels, Saloons and country dealers. eop6m38

Married.

In Augusta, Dec. 10th, by Rev. C. F. Penney, Roland R. Fletcher, to Martha T. Stone. Dec. 12th, by Rev. J. R. Hallowell, Ambrose B. Hanson to Lovina C. Warren. Dec. 19th, in St. Mark's Church, by Rev. J. Gierlow, Jas. A. T. Bird, of Liverpool, Eng., to Clara A. Bennett; Dec. 19th, by same, Frederick A. Tiffany, U. S. A., to Leafy J. Penny; Dec. 19th, by same, Niles A. Hanson, U. S. A., to Caroline S. Pearse.

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In Saco, Mrs. Anna Moulton aged 81 yars 5 months.

In Bangor, Miss Jane Longstaff, aged 66 years.

AUGUSTA LYCEUM.

The Lecture which was announced for this week, owing to the illness of Mr. Garrison, is postponed until next month.

The THIRD LECTURE of the Course will be delivered at

MEONIAN HALL,
Thursday Evening, December 31st,

BY BISHOP CLARK, OF RHODE ISLAND.

Subject—"THE CRISIS OF THE NATION.

Tickets for the Course $1.50. Evening Tickets 25 cents. To be had at the bookstore of I. A. STANWOOD, and at the Express Office.

Doors open at 7 o'clock, Lecture to commence at 7½.

1w1 E. R. EMERSON, Sec.

Special Notices.

Atlantic Monthly

Has elicited stronger testimonials of approval from the American press than any other magazine ever published. It continues to publish

THE BEST ESSAYS,
THE BEST STORIES,
THE BEST POEMS,
THE BEST CRITICISMS.

Which American talent can furnish. Send for a circular with critical opinions. *A Specimen Number sent gratis on receipt of four cents for postage.*

Subscription price $3 a year, postage paid by the publishers.

TICKNOR & FIELDS,
1w2 No. 135 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

KENDALL'S AMBOLINE
For the Hair.

A Stimulating Extract of Roots and Herbs, for the Growth and Beauty of the Hair.

It has stood the test of analysis and experience, and the "AMBOLINE" is a household necessity wherever it has been used.

It prevents hair from falling out or turning prematurely grey; causes it to grow on bald heads; eradicates dandruff; cures diseases of the scalp; is a preventive for nervous headache; and, as a dressing, imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It is specially adapted to promoting the growth and color of children's hair.

DR. CHILTON, after analysis, says, "It is very beneficial."

"I have never had anything which so perfectly answers the purpose of a Hair Dressing." WARREN WARD,
277 Canal Street, New York.

"After being bald for over seven years, your AMBOLINE has covered the entire scalp with new hair." JOHN SENIA, 35 King Street, N. Y.

Miss FANNY SEFTON, *the beautiful and talented Actress*, says: "I have used KENDALL'S AMBOLINE for my hair, and find it a very superior article. I have no hesitation in advising every lady who desires an elegant head of hair to use it."

MRS. GEO. T. MORGAN, of Brooklyn, says: "I have been using the AMBOLINE for about four weeks, and during that time my hair has lengthened two and a half inches.

Put up in boxes containing two bottles, one to be used at night as a restorative, the other for morning use as a dressing.

Price $1. For sale by all Druggists. eop

3m1 KENDALL & CO., 506 Broadway, N. Y.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A NEGLECTED COUGH, COLD, AN IRRITATED OR SORE THROAT, if allowed to progress, results in serious Pulmonary Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases, often-times incurable. Brown's BRONCHIAL TROCHES reach *directly* the affected parts, and give almost immediate relief. FOR BRONCHITIS, ASTHMA, CATARRH, and CONSUMPTIVE COUGHS, the TROCHES are useful. PUBLIC SPEAKERS and SINGERS should have the TROCHES to clear and strengthen the Voice. MILITARY OFFICERS and SOLDIERS who overtax the voice and are exposed to sudden changes, should use them. Obtain only the *genuine* "Brown's Bronchial Troches" having *proved* their efficacy by a test of many years, are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and surgeons in the Army, and have received testimonials from many eminent men.

Sold by all Druggists and Dealers in the United States and most Foreign countries at 25 cents per box. 1m52

HAIR DYE! HAIR DYE!!

BATCHELOR'S celebrated HAIR DYE *is the best in the World.* The only harmless, true and reliable Dye known. This splendid Hair Dye is perfect—changes Red, Rusty or Grey Hair, instantly to a *Glossy Black or Natural Brown*, without injuring the hair or staining the skin, leaving the hair soft and beautiful; imparts fresh vitality, frequently restoring its pristine color, and rectifies the ill effects of Bad Dyes. The Genuine is signed WILLIAM A. BATCHELOR, all others are mere imitations, and should be avoided. Sold by all Druggists, &c. FACTORY—81 BARCLAY STREET, N. Y.

Batchelor's New Toilet Cream for Dressing the Hair. 1y30

TREATMENT OF DISEASES
OF THE CHEST, THROAT, RESPIRATORY ORGANS AND NERVOUS AFFECTIONS.

DR ALPHONSE WOLF, (de Paris,) who has been a practising physician in New York city for the past eight years, informs his patients and the public that he has returned from a visit to the hospitals of Paris and London, and has resumed his practice.

Dr. Wolf's successful treatment of the above diseases, besides Neuralgia, Rheumatism, &c., &c., is well known, and can be attested by most respectable parties. He can be consulted personally, from 7 to 10 A. M., 3 to 6 P. M., and correspondence by mail promptly attended to.

7w49 DR. A. WOLF, 832 Broadway, New York.

DR. RADWAY'S CLEANSING SYRUP,

Called Renovating Resolvent, is the the most extraordinary medicine for the cure of all skin diseases, Humors, Sores, Chronic Diseases, Scrofula Rickets, Sore Legs, Swellings of the Glands, Syphilitic Diseases, in the world. One bottle of this remedy will make more pure blood, and add greater clearness to the skin than a dozen bottles of the most popular Sarsaparilla. In fants afflicted with sore heads, "breaking out," cankers, &c., are cured in a few days. One to six bottles will cure the worst cases of skin diseases.

For sale by dr uggists 1w

A CARD.

The Ladies of the Winthrop Soldiers' Aid Society tender their grateful thanks to the Winthrop Band for their kindness and the excellent music they gave them at their Levee on the evening of the 17th instant. Their performance contributed very essentially to the gratifying success of their labor on that occasion.

Winthrop, Dec. 18, 1863. 2

☞ See a woman in another column picking Sambuci Grapes for Speer's Wine. It is an admirable article, used in hospitals and by the first families in Paris, London and New York, in preference to old Port Wine. It is worth a trial, as it gives great satisfaction. 8tf

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In Gorham, Charles E. Merrill, aged 18 years.

In Saco, Mrs. Anna Moulton aged 81 yars 5 months.

In Bangor, Miss Jane Longstaff, aged 66 years.

NOTICE.

SOMERSET & KENNEBEC RAILROAD.

By a vote of the second Bondholders of said Railroad proposing to surrender the over due Coupons to the Treasurer of said Corporation, on payment of 10 per cent. on the same, by virtue of said vote the Treasurer by a vote of the Directors of the Corporation is directed to pay the same, and I would hereby give notice that 10 per cent. on said Coupons will be paid on surrender of the same to the cashier of Freemans Bank, Augusta, Ticonic Bank, Waterville, and Bank of Somerset, Skowhegan. The series of Coupons to be surrendered are from No. 2 to 15 inclusive.

JOS. EATON, Pres.

Augusta, Dec. 18, 1863. 3w2

COMMISSIONERS' NOTICE.

The undersigned, appointed by the Judge of Probate for the County of Kennebec, Commissioners to receive and examine the claims of creditors against the estate of George S. Currier, late of Readfield,

THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

Poetry.

OUR SECRET DRAWER.

There is a secret drawer in every heart,
Wherein we lay our treasures one by one;
Each dear remembrance of the buried past;
Each cherished relic of the time that's gone;

The old delights of childhood long ago;
The things we loved because we knew them best;
The first discovered primrose in our path;
The cuckoo's earliest note; the robins nest;

The merry hay-makings around our home;
Our rambles in the summer woods and lanes;
The story told beside the winter fire,
While the wind moaned across the window panes;

The golden dreams we dreamt in after years;
Those magic visions of our young romance;
The sunny nooks, the fountains and the flowers,
Gilding the fairy landscape of our trance;

The link which bound us later still to one
Who fills a corner in our life to-day,
Without whose love we dare not dream how dark
The rest would seem, if it were gone away;

The song that thrill'd our very souls with joy;
The gentle word that unexpected came;
The gift we prized, because the word was kind;
The thousand, thousand things that have no name.

All these in some far hidden corner lie,
Within the mystery of that secret drawer,
Whose magic strings, though stranger hands may touch,
Yet none may gaze upon its guarded store.

—*Once a Week.*

Our Story-Teller.

THE CLERGYMAN'S LIEUTENANT.

Miss Jellaby rose at six one beautiful August morning, and throwing open her chamber window, sniffed once or twice, at the fragrance coming up from the roses in the garden below. Then she hunted a moment for her spectacles upon the bureau, and putting them on, looked eagerly at Randall cottage over the way. A very modest, pretty little house it was, with roses and syringas growing under each window, and woodbine and jessamine climbing over the door; but Miss Jellaby was not admiring its beauty just then. She looked up at a front window, on the second floor and gave a vicious snort.

"As I expected! She isn't up yet, and here it is six o'clock! And where is he, I wonder?"

Before she had time to answer the question, as it was asked—mentally—the front door of the cottage opened, and Miss Jellaby, shrinking behind her curtain, saw a handsome, sun-burned man come out, and go down the garden walk, with a cigar in his mouth. It was easy to see by the slight roll in his walk, that he was a sailor, though for the matter of that, his bearing, handsome face, and frank hearty manner, would have told the tale, if he had never stirred a step. With his hands in his pockets, he sauntered among the roses, bending down now and then as if to say good morning to the fairest, and always removing the cigar from his lips when he did so.

"He couldn't do no more if he was speaking to a woman," said the spinster, applying her eye to a hole left purposely in the white curtain, "The man is mad about flowers, I do believe, and she is a touch beyond him, if such a thing can be. Ah, there she comes—and dressed in blue gingham, too. I wonder what her morning gowns cost her through the year? And her slippers—oh, mercy, there they go right through the wet—well, there——."

Words failed the worthy spinster. Meanwhile the owner of the slippers—and very pretty little affairs they were—bronzed-laced and rosetted with a spangle that shone like a dew drop—tripped down the walk, so lightly that the gentleman did not hear her step, and coming upon him as he bent over a bed of violets, gave him a push that sent him on his face among them. To see her laugh—to see him blunder up and chase her through alleys—to see him kiss her, when he imprisoned her at last in his strong arms—and to see her pretend to box his ears for it—was a sight for a loving heart to watch—but Miss Jellaby, over opposite, nearly fainted away with horror. She rang her bell violently, and a square faced, sour-looking woman, who had lived with her for years, made her appearance.

"Susan!"

"Well," said the amiable domestic, briefly.

Before Miss Jellaby could speak, the unconscious pair in the opposite garden transgressed against propriety again.

"Walking up and down in broad daylight, with his arm around her waist—just look at her, Susan! Do you mean to stand there and tell me that that man is only her brother?"

"Dear me, ma'am—how can I tell? I only know that they look alike, and that they have the same name, Helen and Philip Graham. I was told so."

"Humph! It's my opinion that some one ought to speak to Mr. Fullerton."

"The minister? What for?"

"Are you such a fool, Susan, as not to see what it all means. They are no more brother and sister than you and I are."

"Well, what are they then?"

"That remains to be told—the wretches! But Mr. Fullerton will soon set them to rights. I shall go and see him after breakfast. I don't know what the poor man would do without me."

"Have some peace, I suppose," muttered Susan, under her breath, as she followed Miss Jellaby down to the parlor.

Breakfast being over, Miss Jellaby sallied forth to the parsonage.

The clergyman was a quiet, peace-loving man, somewhat timid withal, and the spinster always overpowered him with her arguments, when she attempted to do so. She stayed nearly half an hour with him; at the expiration of that time people who were on the lookout saw her conveying the unhappy parson in the direction, and, at last, through the very gate of Randall Cottage.

A tidy looking old servant admitted them, ushered them into a pleasant nursery room, and said she would go and tell her mistress of their arrival. Mr. Fullerton sat on the edge of his chair, very uneasy in mind, and wishing with all his heart that he was at home again. Miss Jellaby strode up and down the room like a dragon, eyeing everything about her, and making observations in an under tone, which, however, he could not help hearing.

"Such extravagance! Look at that carpet, now—all roses and lilies, and straggling green vines. Why can't they be contented with a drugget, as I am?"

She took another turn.

"And a guitar! Spaniards, I don't doubt; or Italians; and the rest follows as a matter of course. Mr. Fullerton, I believe these people are heathens!"

"Hardly, I think, or they never would have come to church last Sunday."

"Oh, you don't know that; perhaps they had some private end to gain by it," said Miss Jellaby.

The spinster's unreasonable suspicions tickled Mr. Fullerton beyond measure. She saw him laughing, and grew indignant.

"Let those laugh that win, I say, Mr. Fullerton. I don't doubt you will feel more like crying before this business is settled."

"Nor I," said the minister, with a rueful look. "A crucifix, as I am a sinner," she murmured a moment afterwards. "There, Mr. Fullerton, what did I tell you! hanging on the wall here in broad daylight. Shall I pull it down?"

"Are you beside yourself, Miss Jellaby?" said Mr. Fullerton, springing up and arresting her hand just in time.

The sound of voices and laughter in the garden prevented her giving him what she called, "a piece of her mind." There was a race up the broad path, that sobered into a walk when the young couple neared the windows, followed by the old servant, who had been in the grounds to call them.

They entered the room together, flushed with their frolic, but looking happy and pleased to meet the clergyman.

"Sin wears a different face from that," he said to himself, as he shook hands with them. They turned to the spinster, who had bolstered herself up against the chimney-piece, and stood eyeing them with sour disdain.

"Your neighbor, Miss Jellaby," said Mr. Fullerton, adding in a low whisper to her, as they sought about the room for easy chairs: "It's all a mistake, my good creature—there's nothing wrong here. I'll have nothing to do with the matter. Say nothing, and let this pass as a morning call,"

"Say nothing, indeed! Mr. Fullerton, I am astonished at you!" was her reply, too audibly made, however, for Mr. Graham heard it, though he was too courteous to look surprised.

"Pray take this easy chair, Mr. Fullerton," said Helen, who wondered inwardly at the strange behavior of her guests.

"No, my child," said the clergyman, kindly. Sometime I hope to come again. I can only express my sorrow at having been persuaded against my better judgment to enter these doors on such an absurd errand—and leave you."

"My dear sir, forgive me if I do not quite understand!" exclaimed the captain, while Helen made up her mind that both her visitors were mad.

"I will tell you at another time," said Mr. Fullerton, nervously. "I will only say, in explanation of this intrusion, that it has been caused by a most ridiculous mistake. Miss Jellaby, will you allow me to accompany you home!"

Miss Jellaby folded her arms, looked at them all viciously, and thundered out—

"No!"

"Is she mad?" whispered Helen to the clergyman. "What does it all mean?"

Miss Jellaby heard her.

"It means this, madam, this and nothing more, that if Mr. Fullerton is to be ensnared by a pretty face, and frightened out of doing his duty, I am not!"

"Was there ever such an unfortunate piece of business! Miss Jellaby, I cannot allow you to commit such an act of folly, or to insult these young creatures. I command you, as your master, not to speak."

"I take no orders from a man who shrinks from his duty," said the spinster, loftily.

"My dear sir, (turning to the captain,) it seems I cannot spare you this infliction, so I may as well tell you what this good lady means. She lives opposite you as you already know——"

"And she has seen you time and again, when you thought yourselves quite alone—remember that!" chimed in the sharp voice of the spinster.

"Do be quiet, my dear Miss Jellaby. As she says, she has often seen you—"

"Kissing!" exploded from the thin lips.

"Miss Jellaby, either you or I must be silent. From these things she has drawn her own conclusions, and I am ashamed to say that for a brief space she persuaded me into believing them. I need not add that from the instant you entered this room, my suspicions vanished, and I would readily stake my life, this moment, upon your perfect integrity."

"But, my dear sir," said Capt. Graham, smiling, "of what does this lady suspect us?"

"Tell them, Miss Jellaby; I will not."

"Pretty behavior, I am sure, to leave the *worst part* to me, Mr. Fullerton. However, no one shall say I shrunk back from my duty!"

"We are waiting to know what heinous crime we have committed," said Captain Graham, drawing the bewildered Helen close to his side. Miss Jellaby gasped at the caress; then it seemed to give her fresh energy.

"Before my very eyes, sir?"

"What do you mean?"

"I suppose you will kiss her next."

"Well, now you mention it—I think I will." And he did! Miss Jellaby nearly fainted away with horror.

"Mr. Fullerton, how can you stand there so quietly, and watch this shameless conduct? As for you, sir," she added, turning to the good humored captain, "you need not think every one will tolerate your audacious—"

"Take breath, my dear Miss Jellaby."

"It is infamous," shouted the enraged spinster. "Brother and sister, indeed! You are no more her brother than you are mine, Capt. Gorham."

"I know it—I never said I was!"

Mr Fullerton looked rather puzzled. Miss Jellaby was triumphant.

"Well, you are brazen adout it, I must say. This town will soon be too hot to hold you, depend upon it."

"I never knew it was a crime not to be a woman's brother before," said the captain quietly. "However, there is a relation between us, if it please you any better."

"What is it?"

"I am her cousin—the ward of her father, and I have always lived with her family in England."

"Oh!"

There was a world of meaning in that simple ejaculation.

"Also, I have the honor to be—"

"Her husband!"

Mr. Fullerton uttered a most unclerical hurrah, and shook hands with the young couple over and over again.

"Her—husband!" faltered the old maid. "I—I never thought of that!"

"Allow me to hope, madam, that you will have your wits about you before you try to create another scandal," said the captain, sauvely. "I have the honor to wish you a very good morning."

He held the door open as he spoke—she could but take the hint, and rushed out of the house, and into her own, in a state of mind verging upon distraction. Staying to be laughed at and sympathized with, was what she could not endure—the cottage was shut up the next day, and she and Susan were far away. Miss Jellaby had found her match, and the village has known peace since her departure—for the first time.

A RIDE TO A WESTERN WEDDING.

Among the checkered scenes of missionary life on the frontier, there are not many more pleasant than a genuine Western wedding. The heartiness, the bold dash, the generous hospitality of the thing, and often the novel phases of social life which it reveals, together, of course, with the fee, which is rarely small in proportion to the ability of the parties, make the event quite welcome to the toiling preacher.

One day, on answering a modest knock, there stood before our log house door a young man, bare-footed, coatless, with course, well patched pants and rimless straw hat, his face beaming with a bashful happiness, which would at once have suggested his errand, were it not for his garb, or rather want of garb.

"Are you the minister?" he asked.

"Yes," I replied.

Then followed a pause.

"Is there anything," said I, breaking the silence, "that I can do for you?"

"Ye-s. I come to see if you would come down to Mr. L.'s next Thursday, and marry a couple."

"Where does Mr. L. live?"

"Seven miles below, on the other side of the river. They want you at two o'clock, Thursday afternoon."

"I will endeavor to be there at that time," said I; but who are the parties?"

"O," he replied, with a look which was its own interpreter, "you will know when you get there!"

After getting all the directions needful for finding the place, I was about closing the interview, but my caller lingered as if he had more to say; and, after evident embarrassment, asked what I "charged for marrying folks?"

"I generally leave that to the parties," said I. Then ensued another pause, broken, at length, by his saying, in a depressed tone—

"I have no money now; perhaps you wouldn't come down and marry us, and wait for your pay?"

"That I will," I replied. "And Providence permitting, you will see me at precisely the hour named."

The cloud lifted from the sunburn face, and, smilingly thanked me, he hurried away with a light step.

Seven miles in prairie land is a short distance; but not being in a mood to walk, I engaged a horse of a neighbor. Meanwhile, for the two intervening days, it rained, or rather poured incessantly, moderating to a gentle fall on Thursday. On calling for the horse, however, the owner was reluctant to let him go.

"Elder," said he, (he was a Methodist,) "are you used to managing horses?"

"Somewhat—why?"

"Because," he added, "my horse is a high-spirited fellow, and has a bad trick of throwing folks. Few can ride him without getting hurt. The fact is I didn't sleep a wink last night, worrying about consenting to let you have him; and I don't feel right to let him go without speaking of it."

"How does he throw his rider?" I asked.

"By suddenly jumping to one side. He's powerful at jumping—beats all the horses I ever saw in that line," said he.

"I can look out for him!"

"He'll outwit you, elder; hope you wont try it."

But it was too late to go in search of another, and pleading urgent business and willingness to incur all risks, the formidable beast was led out, a powerful, intelligent, fiery animal, black as a raven.

What can be more inspiring than a horse back jaunt across a rolling, Northwest prarie. So, despite the cold and rain, and now and then a prodigious leap by Black Hawk, the ride was most exhilarating. It was two miles to the bridge. On arriving there, I found that the freshet had swept it away. Just in sight, however, in the margin of a fine grove, was a snug little cabin, and riding briskly there, the barking of dogs and my shouts brought the proprietor to the door, a bevy of flaxen-haired urchins at his heels, with eyes brimful of curiosity.

"Is there any way to cross the river?" I asked.

"Yes, on the bridge," he replied, curtly.

"The bridge is gone!"

"Well, then there isn't any way!"

"But is there no place on the stream shoal enough to be forded?"

The settler scratched his head comically, scanned me and my beast leisurely, and said:

"Take the road to the left, and you will come to the old ford; how it will be in this flood, can't say. You can try it though, if you like; nothing like trying, they say!"

There was no need of trying, I found on reaching the spot. There rolled the river, deep and wide, with steep banks on either side. What was to be done? Go back and wait till the waters subsided? That was not Western. The genuine pioneer never thinks of giving up an enterprise. A short experience in the vicissitudes of frontier life wakes up a self-reliance and love of adventure, which makes danger and difficulty to be courted rather than shunned—indeed, they are every day occurrences, adding piquancy to privation and hardship. And, as I looked down into the water of the river, there rose to view the image of that ragged, barefoot, coatless, moneyless bridegroom; and memory recalled certain facts which I had learned about his borrowing articles of apparel for himself and bride, and materials for a wedding supper. Now to disappoint persons in their condition was hardly to be thought of. So, chirruping to my good steed, we made the plunge; and a deep plunge it was, for the animal above as well as the animal beneath, for the former went nearly to his neck. However, the horse soon rose to the surface, permitting his rider, by a happy exercise of unwonted agility, to strike the saddle *alta Turk*, which position I prudently kept till the opposite shore was reached. Clambering up the steep bank, my borrowed steed went at a break-neck pace the remaining five miles to our destination. It was a small, framed house, perched on a swell of land in the midst of a wide prairie, dotted with an occasional cabin. The dwelling was covered only with rough boards, between which the ever restless wind came and went at will. Alighting at the gate, a gray-haired man—the bride's father, who was cutting wood in the little front yard—laid down his axe and came forward to take my horse. He had, as I afterwards learned, served in the Mexican war, and had still a soldierly bearing. Taking the bridle, he said:

"You are the minister, I suppose. We had given you up, thinking you would not come in such a storm as this. But how did you cross the river? We heard the bridge was gone."

"Horseback," said I.

"Well," said the old soldier, his eye kindling, "a minister that can do that can preach, I know!"

I had fulfilled my engagement partly from sympathy and the pleasure of conquering obstacles; there was beside, a sort of presentiment that urged me on; nor did I in the end regret that I yielded to it.

The interior of the humble dwelling, and its occupants, I shall not soon forget. What taste and neatness under the most discouraging circumstances! What method and fertility of arrangement where all was plain and rough and scant! It is on the frontier, where the appliances of elegant housewifery are impossible, that woman's fertile resources of tact and skill most strikingly appear—often making the rude log house and simple home-made furniture wear an aspect of comfort and taste not unfrequently wanting in homes of luxury.

The household consisted of the father—already introduced—mother, three daughters and the young man who had called for my services.

"Mother is not well, and would like to see you a moment," remarked one of the young ladies, showing me into an adjoining room, where loving hands had spared no pains to fortify its pining inmate against exposure, and soothe the anguish of suffering.

A bed, with its snowy counterpane and tasteful curtains, stood in a corner of the apartment. On it reclined the dying mother, the emaciated frame and hectic cheek marking her a victim of consumption.

"I am so glad to see you," said she, extending her hand. "It is a long while since a minister of the Gospel has entered our door; and yet I regret you have been put to so much trouble and exposure in coming. God will reward you! But I wished to speak with you about this marriage.

From her remarks I learned that the family were from New England. Her husband, on his return from the war, removed them to the West, making one or two temporary locations, then selling out and going still further into the unsettled woods. It was while on their way out that the young man, to whom their daughter was now engaged, made their acquaintance, and joined his fortunes with theirs. It was under circumstances of great trial to them, and his presence and aid were peculiarly acceptable, indeed indespensable. With untiring zeal he devoted himself to their comfort, and whether on the long journey in the emigrant wagon, or in the toils incident to making a new home, he was like a son and brother.

"We came here," said the mother, "because of my health, hoping that the climate might do for me what medicine could not. I now see it was too late. But for my husband and George's sake, who have sacrificed so much on my account, I hope this last settlement may prove productive, some day. They have secured a good tract of land, that must be valuable by-and-by; but we are 'land-poor' now; all our money is gone. Another season, however, we hope our crops will bring us something more than the necessaries of life. George is like a child to me,—and what is more, he is a Christian. Annie and he are tenderly attached, and despite our present poverty, I shall rejoice in knowing that they are united before I am called away."

But the few friends that had been invited had come in; the simple words that make two inseparably one were uttered; and then as the table was being laid, bride and bridegroom poured forth their joy in Christian song. Strangely touching was it, here, on the lone prairie, to listen to the wedded love they expressed. Very happy were they, and comely, too, in the freshness and vigor of their youth. And, as we gathered around the well-spread board, the sick mother taking once more her place at the head of the table, her face beaming the pence she felt, there was a glow of happiness in my heart, such as I never experienced before, as guest at a marriage feast.

"Well, elder," said my Methodist friend, as I alighted at his door on my return, "not a limb broken, eh? But you had to swim the river! Guess you didn't get much of a fee, though, did you?"

"Never better paid in my life—what's my bill for Black Hawk?"

"Well, seeing you feel so rich, I think I shan't charge you anything this time. All is, I'm glad you got back safe and sound."

OUR HAIR.

God covered the skull with hair. Some people shave it off. Mischievous practice. It exposes the brain. It exposes the throat and lungs—the eyes, likewise, say wise physiologists.

Men become bald. Why? Because they wear close hats and caps. Women are never bald except by disease. They do not wear close hats and caps. Men never lose a hair below where the hat touches the head, not if they have been bald twenty years. The close hat holds the heat and perspiration. Thereby the hair glands become weak; the hair falls out. What will restore it? Nothing after the scalp becomes shiny. But in process of falling out, or recently lost, the following is best: Wash the head freely with cold water once or twice a day. Wear a thoroughly ventilated hat. This is the best means to arrest the loss and restore what is susceptible of restoration.

What will beautify a woman's hair? Whatever will invigorate the hair glands. Oils and most other applications debilitate the hair gland. Cold water is best. At first the head looks like a witch, but after a few weeks it makes the hair luxuriant. By the persistent use of cold water I have seen thin, poor hair become rich and curly. Only the part of the hair next the scalp should be wet. It must be thoroughly dried.—*Dio Lewis, M. D.*

WHO PETER WAS.

I am credibly informed, says a correspondent, that the following occurred in a Sunday school in Maine, between the clergyman who was teaching: "Children, I am going to tell you about Peter. Who knows who Peter was?" No answer. "Cannot any one—those large girls—tell me who Peter was?" Still no reply. "Can any little boy or girl tell me who Peter was?" "I can," said a little fellow in the farther corner. "Ah, that's a good boy. Now you come up on the platform beside me, and stand up in this chair, and tell those large girls who Peter was." Jimmy did as he was told, and in the shrill voice of childhood, repeated:

"Peter, Peter, pumpkin eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her."

At this point he was stopped, but not before the full point was taken by the school, and Mother Goose's poem was appreciated.

☞A man asked another, "Which is the heaviest, a quart of gin or a quart of water?" "Gin, most assuredly, for I saw a man who weighs two hundred pounds staggering under a quart of gin, when he would have carried a gallon of water with ease."

☞A person complained to Dr. Franklin of having been insulted by one who called him a scoundrel. "Ah!" replied the doctor, "and what did you call him?" "Why," said he, "I called him a scoundrel, too." "Well," resumed Franklin, "I presume you both spoke the truth."

☞Next to acquiring good friends, the best acquisition is that of good books.

The War for the Union.

THE SIEGE OF KNOXVILLE.

The correspondent of the New York *Herald* writes from Knoxville, Tenn., on the evening of the 29th ultimo, that the circumstances of the siege of that place on the thirteenth day of its investment find a parallel only in the celebrated battle of New Orleans on January 8, 1815. He thus describes the event:

A Night Attack Along the Lines.

Between eleven and twelve o'clock last night a general attack was made upon our whole line, from our position on the extreme left, south of the river, to the right of our front, north of the railroad. The moon was shining brightly at the time and betrayed the rebels in strong line of battle. Heavy skirmishing ensued, lasting until near daylight, and resulting in the falling back of our pickets. Our batteries opened upon the rebels, a desultory cannonade was kept up throughout the night, the fire of our guns being directed by the flashes of their rifles and the line of their bivouack fires in the rear. That the long looked for attack was coming was evident, but from what particular point was a matter of doubt. The general advance upon our skirmish line, though intended to disconcert our plans of defense and distract attention, had the effect of putting every man at his post, eagerly watching for the point from which the enemy would come in force.

The Advance of the Rebels.

The long, anxious watch, rendered doubly severe by the crisp, frosty atmosphere, came to a termination with daylight and the appearance of the foe. As night lifted her curtain from the landscape and in the dull dawn of the morning they were seen advancing in three lines of battle in a direction oblique to the Loudon road and toward Fort Sanders. Quickly to his place sprang every man in the work, and in less time than it requires to tell it our artillery had opened upon them with shell and canister. At the same time a battery which the rebels had constructed upon a high hill across the river was suddenly unmasked, and opened a flanking fire upon the rifle pits and upon the fort, which however, was amply protected by dense wings of earth and bales of cotton. A few of their shells burst in the cotton and set it on fire, but, beyond the wounding of one or two men, did no further damage. Their batteries in front and on the other flank of the fort also took part in the cannonade, but with the same ineffectuality. The battle—for it could now be called so—became deafening. The roar of the artillery on all sides, the bursting of the shells and the rattle of musketry were grandly commingled. Despite the storm of canister which howled around them on came the rebel host, with brigade front, slowly pouring over the railroad cut, and anon quickening in motion as the ground presented less obstruction, until at last, emerging from the nearest timber, they broke into

The Charge.

Across the open space which intervened between the timber and the fort, and which was crossed with logs and the stumps of felled trees, they now came at impetuous speed. The first check was given when the foremost of the column stumbled over a line of telegraph wire, which had been stretched through the low brush and coiled from stump to stump out of ordinary view. As they halted here momentarily, one falling over another, until the cause of the obstruction was discovered, our batteries in the fort had full play, and Benjamin, Buckley and Roemer poured in their rounds quick and fast, while the infantry of Ferrero kept up a galling fire with musketry. The embrasures of the fort and the whole line of the parapet blazed at once with the discharges. Still the rebels pressed on, their battle flags of red, with cross of blue, floating defiantly above their heads, over the serried line of bayonets. Rallying over the temporary obstruction, leaping the stumps and logs, and pushing through the brush, they were within pistol shot of the fort. Our men, during the last few minutes, had received orders to reserve their fire until each could single out his target at close range, while Benjamin treble shotted his guns and Buckley loaded with his terrible canister.

The Repulse, Rout and Retreat.

And now together all launched forth. The effect was terrific. Broken in their line, a few of the more desperate of the rebels sprang into the ditch, clambered up the glacis, and, almost side by side with the flag of the Union, planted the banner of treason. But, confused, panic-stricken, the rear of the column gave way and retreated down the hill; others, again, afraid to advance or retire in the face of what was certain death, and appalled by the heaps of slain which strewed the field, threw down their arms and surrendered. The most desperate—and a gallant band they were—remained fast by their officers, who valliantly kept the lead to the very fort itself, and following them as they jumped into the ditch, attempted to scale the glacis, each to receive his death-wound as his head appeared above the parapet. A captain, in words which would sound oddly at so thrilling a moment, and in language more forcible than polite, demanded the surrender of the garrison as he pushed his body through one of the embrasures and faced the very muzzle of the cannon. His answer was the discharge of the piece, when, rent limb from limb, his mangled corpse, or what there was left of it, was hurled outward into the air. His comrades, still lurking around the corners of the trench, essaying by every means to get within the works, were now subjected to the fire of hand grenades, which Lieut. Benjamin extemporized by cutting short his fuses, which he lit, when he tossed the shells over the the edge of the parapet. Baffled at every point, and finding themselves unsupported by the rest of the charging column, they surrendered, and were hauled within the fort, though not until the trench was piled with the dead and dying.

As the main body gave way and fell back, the carnage among them was fearful. Their disordered line—if indeed line it could be called, where every man seemed to act upon the motto "*sauve qui peat*," and slunk behind each stump and log, as volley after volley rolled from the infantry, and gun after gun belched out from the fort—at length disappeared within the timber, while a wild hurraa went up from our victorious boys. A few straggling shots around the the angle of the fort and in the trenches, mingled with the heart rending moans of the wounded and dying, and the fight was over. The grand assault had been made and repulsed; the storming party which had advanced so lately in all the pride and confidence of veterans had met an enemy their equal at least, and was now a scattered mob in the woods beyond. In short, Knoxville was still ours!

A Truce—Burial of the Dead.

And now, how sudden the transformation of man from fiend to angel! The agonizing cries of the wounded and dying called out the better feelings of humanity, and on the very spot where an hour before the combatants were struggling in deadly strife, they now commingled in the offices of charity. The wounded in the trenches were first relieved by Captain Swinscoe and Lieut. Benjamin, who went to their assistance with canteens of water and liquor. The trench presented a ghastly sight, with the mangled bodies and pools of blood, while the field beyond was strewn with the same terrible objects. Colonels Bowen and Babcock, of Gen. Potter's staff, soon after made their appearance with a formal flag of truce, and passed out upon the Kingston or Loudon road until halted by the enemy's skirmish line. They were met, after a brief delay, by Colonel Serrell, of General Longstreet's staff, when a cessation of hostilities was agreed upon, to last until five P. M., to permit the return of the dead who were lying along our lines, and the exchange of the wounded.

The ambulances from both sides now met on the neutral ground, and the dead were carried back to the rebel line, where they were buried by their late comrades. The officers commingled, from generals down to lieutenants, and also did the soldiers, until their officers ordered them back to their respective places. Nearly a hundred of the rebel wounded had been carried into the city and cared for at the hospital of the Ninth corps. By direction of Dr. Wilder, our ambulances, with some of those of the rebels driven by Union soldiers, went back into the city, obtained such of the wounded as were not fit to be held as prisoners of war, and delivered them on the dividing line, when our ambulances—drivers being exchanged in turn—went within the rebel line and obtained our wounded. So much delay ensued in doing all this, that the truce was extended beyond seven o'clock, the opposing officers still remaining together, chatting in the most agreeable manner upon every topic which suggested itself. Finally the last wounded Union soldier was obtained, the last ambulance returned within our works, the officers of the contending army who had mutually found and greeted many old friends and classmates, shook hands with the utmost cordiality and parted. In a few minutes the firing of the pickets indicated the resumption of hostilities. It may be well to mention here that the wounded returned to us were not injured in the fighting of to-day. The rebel wounded manifested the greatest unwillingness to go back, preferring, as they did, the comfortable wards of our hospitals to the cold and shelterless woods. When the flag advanced, in the morning, thirty rebels threw down their arms in their rifle pits and ran within our lines, where they surrendered themselves prisoners.

The Attacking Force.

The force which assaulted the fort consisted of three brigades of McLaw's division—that of Gen. Wofford, consisting of the 16th, 18th and 24th Georgia regiments, and Cobb's and Phillips' Georgia Legions; that of Gen. Humphrey, consisting of the 13th, 17th, 21st, 22d and 23d Mississippi regiments, and a brigade composed of portions of Gens. Anderson and Bryant's brigades, embracing among others the Palmetto State Guard, the 15th South Carolina, and 51st, 53d and 59th Georgia regiments. Among their killed was a Col. Thomas, and among the prisoners we have taken are a Lieut. Colonel, five Captains and seven Lieuts., exclusive of four wounded officers who have been returned according to the temporary cartel. That this force confidently expected to take the city we have the best of proof. The rebel wounded state that Gen. Longstreet issued an address to the troops last night, boasting that they would all take dinner in Knoxville to-day. Their repulse, when it was so unlooked for, is therefore all the more disastrous and demoralizing. Our own confidence in the strength of our works for the defense of the city has been, if possible, increased, especially as the immense force which attacked the fort was driven off by a few regiments in addition to the artillery. The veteran 79th Highlanders held the post of honor and danger here as they have on many another occasion, and were supported by their not less valorous comrades of the old Second Michigan, 29th Massachusetts and 100th Pennsylvania "roundheads." The flag of the Seventy-ninth, lately sent them from New York, was perforated with six bullets.

The Loss.

During the truce our ambulances delivered from within our lines ninety-eight dead bodies and about as many wounded. The rebels buried a number of dead in addition, making in all not less than one hundred and twenty-five in killed alone. Now, allowing the unusually small ratio of three or four wounded to one killed, and we shall deduct a low estimate of their total killed and wounded by placing the figure at six hundred. We have over two hundred prisoners besides, so that the enemy's loss in the battle at Fort Saunders, making every allowance, is at least eight hundred. Many do not hesitate to put it as high as one thousand. The rebel officers admitted a loss of at least four or five hundred.

Our men, screened by the parapet of the fort and the edges of the rifle pits, lost less than twenty in killed and wounded. I have not the exact list as yet, but it embraces about four killed and fourteen wounded. This remarkable disparity finds a parallel, as I have observed in the commencement of this letter, only in the battle of New Orleans.

The result of the battle may by summed up as follows: The enemy attacked and were repulsed with a loss of 800 in killed, wounded and prisoners, beside three stand of arms. Our loss is eighteen.

Incidents.

Among the individual acts of gallantry was that of Sergeant Judge, of Company K, Seventy-ninth Highlanders, who, when the battle flag of a Georgia regiment was raised upon the parapet, rushed out amid the bullets, and, tearing it down, carried it in through the embrasures, a prize to his comrades.

The Twenty-ninth Massachusetts captured two other flags—one belonging to the Sixteenth Georgia and one to the Seventeenth Mississippi—making three in all which were taken during the day.

Appearance of the Battle Field.

I have been over many of the chief battle-fields of the war, (says a correspondent of the *Tribune*) but have never witnessed anything more shocking than the field and ditch in front of Fort Saunders. Thirty-six dead were removed from the ditch, and a large number of wounded, where they had lain piled together with the dead and dying, all half immersed in water, or covered with mud. Hats, clothing, guns, cartridge boxes, broken muskets, and fragments of all kinds, covered with the blood of the slain, were everywhere. Scattered all over the field in front of the fort where they fell, were the dead, in every form of mutilation, lying in pools of their own blood. But the picture is too horrible to dwell upon. There were delivered 98 dead to the Confederate Commissioners from within our lines. They were removed a distance of 200 yards from the parapet of the fort and buried in trenches.

Dr. Cullen, the Confederate surgeon, estimated their loss at 450 to 500, but it must exceed that number by at least two hundred.

NEW FALL AND WINTER GOODS,
JUST RECEIVED A LARGE STOCK OF
READY MADE CLOTHING,
CLOTHS, AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,
NOW OPEN AT
No. 13 Water Street, Augusta.
I have bought the entire stock and trade of the late STEPHEN PATTEN, Jr., at a liberal discount from the orginal cost, and during the past week have made large additions to the former stock of the most desirable goods in the market, and the whole now comprises the
Largest and most Desirable Stock of this kind ever offered in this Market.
All of which will be sold at very low prices and warranted to give satisfaction.
I have also secured the services of a very superior Cutter, Mr. GRAY, who will attend to the
CUSTOM DEPARTMENT.
And I feel confident in assuring the public that they can be supplied with Custom and Ready Made Clothing on the most reasonable terms.
The Cloths consists of Esquimaux, Pilots, Beavers, Moscow, U. S. Regulation Cloth, Caster Beavers, Tricot, and all other heavy cloths for Overcoats. Also a great variety of Superfine Broadcloths from the most celebrated makers, also Cassimeres, Doeskin, and Satinet, which will be made to order or sold by the yard.
The Ready Made consists of Moscow Overcoats, Esquimaux, Pilots, Castors, Castor Beavers, and Union Castors. Also a great variety of Business Suits, Coat Pants and Vest, and altogether a complete assortment of Ready Made Clothing and Cloths. Also Water-proof Rubber Overleggings, Caps and Gloves Also a full assortment of Buck, Kid, Lined and Unlined Gloves and Mittens.
Fine Flannel Shirts, Portsmouth Drawers, and Undershirts, heavy do. Also,
HATS, CAPS, UMBRELLAS.
AND MILITARY GOODS.
Particular Attention paid to Officer's Uniforms.
DEANE PRAY.
Augusta, Sept. 29, 1863. 42

ENROLMENT AND DRAFT.
PROVOST MARSHAL'S OFFICE,
THIRD DISTRICT OF MAINE,
AUGUSTA, Nov. 25th, 1863.
All persons enrolled in this District, who claim that they are not liable to draft on account of
ALIENAGE,
UNSUITABLENESS OF AGE,
NON-RESIDENCE,
MANIFEST PERMANENT PHYSI DISABILITY,
may appear before the Board of Enrolment at any time previous to DECEMBER 20th, 1863, and present evidence to support their claim. If good and sufficient reasons are presented, showing that they are not liable to the draft, they will be *stricken from the rolls.*
ALIENS must present the affidavit provided for by the Regulations of the Department, setting forth all the facts of their case. The affidavit must be supported by the affidavits of two respectable citizens, (heads of families) who must testify to their own personal knowledge of the facts, to be accompanied by the affidavits of the proper Municipal authorities of the Sub-District in which the person claiming exemption is enrolled, showing that he has not exercised the right of suffrage, and that the persons making affidavits in the case are well known as responsible and respectable citizens.
NON-RESIDENTS must produce, First, their own affidavit as to their place of residence, circumstances of case, &c. Second, the certificate of the Board of Enrolment of the District in which a residence is claimed, that the person is duly enrolled therein. Third, the affidavits of the proper town or city officers that he is an *actual and legal resident* of such town or city.
PERSONS OF UNSUITABLE AGE will be required to furnish their own affidavit, accompanied, if possible, by the affidavit of their parents, or, if the same cannot be obtained, by the affidavit of two responsible persons, stating from their own personal knowledge the age of the person claiming exemption, and whether he is married or single; to be supported by an official extract from the legal register of births, by the production of the family records, or by other satisfactory documentary evidence. The affidavits of municipal authorities will be required as to the respectability and responsibility of persons making affidavits in the case.
No claim on account of physical disability will be considered except in cases when the *disability is plainly manifest* and of a *permanent nature.*
No certificates from Physicians or Surgeons will be required or received. A. P. DAVIS,
4w51 Captain and Provost Marshal.

HERE'S YOUR GOOD BARGAINS!
The subscriber, having returned from the "far West" informs his friends and the public generally, that he has resumed the
APOTHECARY AND GROCERY BUSINESS
t his former stand, in the Brick Block, next door to the Winthrop House.
In Winthrop Village,
where he keeps constantly on hand a prime assortment of drugs and medicines of the freshest and best quality.
He will supply Physicians at reasonable prices, and will compound and put up prescriptions in the nicest and most careful manner, by night or by day. He will also keep on hand a supply of the purest liquors for medicinal purposes.
In addition to the above, he has and always will be supplied with all kinds of excellent groceries for family use, and also choice fruits of every description in their season; all of which he offers on the most liberal terms for cash.
He hopes by prompt and unremitting attention to the calls of his customers, and his ability to furnish the very best articles in his line, to give them perfect satisfaction in every department of his business and to receive a liberal share of patronage. Call and see for yourselves. OREN H. STANLEY.
Winthrop, Sept. 1863. 1y42

METCALF'S INDELLIBLE INK
And Stencil Plates. Also Stencil Plate Alphabets and Figures, for sale by LELAND & BROOKS.
Augusta, Aug. 24, 1863. 37tf

MERCHANT'S GARGLING OIL,
A superior embrocation for Rheumatism, Chilblains, Sprains, Bruises, Lame Backs, Piles, Sore Nipples, &c., for sale by
17 EBEN FULLER.

WORCESTER'S WORLD RENOWNED DAY HOP YEAST.
For sale by EBEN FULLER.
Augusta, Jan. 7, 1863. 5

DYSPEPSIA,
AND
DISEASES RESULTING FROM
DISORDERS OF THE LIVER
AND DIGESTIVE ORGANS,
ARE CURED BY
HOOFLAND'S
GERMAN BITTERS,
THE GREAT STRENGTHENING
TONIC.
These Bitters have performed more Cures!
HAVE AND DO GIVE BETTER SATISFACTION!
HAVE MORE TESTIMONY!
Have More Respectable People to Vouch for them!
Than any other article in the market.
We defy any One to contradict this Assertion,
AND WILL PAY $1000
To any one that will produce a Certific